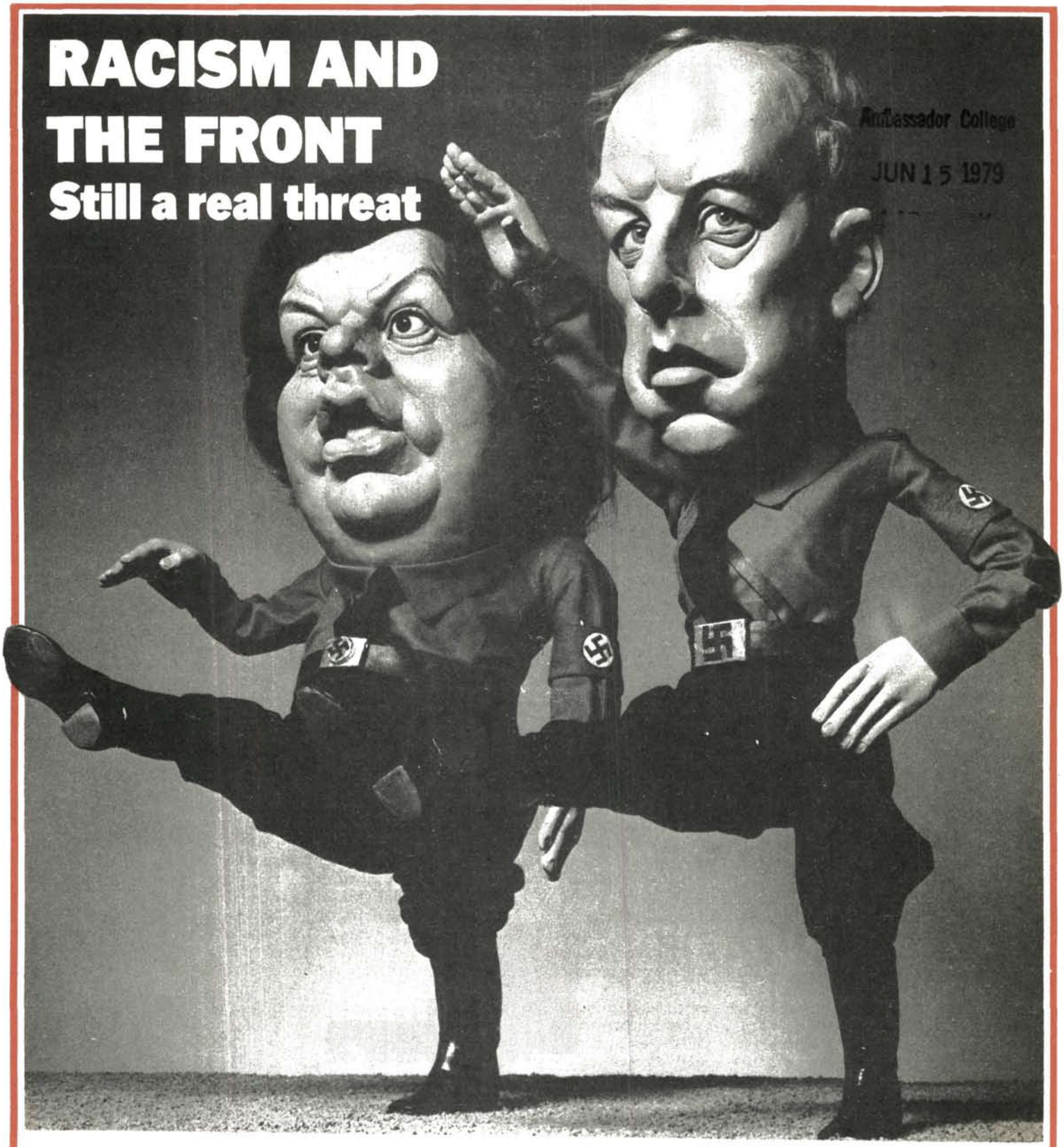
11 May 1979 35p USA $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN



Ambassador College
JUN 15 1979

The Old Guard of British politics

ICI, Rolls-Royce & the titanium tangle

Mary Holland: The Americans in Ireland

Edward Said: Middle East round-up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The choice Labour faces: learn, or die

'PRINCES OUGHT NOT TO COMPLAIN of any fault committed by the peoples whom they govern because such faults are due either to their own negligence or to their being themselves sullied by similar defects.' Machiavelli provides a good starting-point[1]: Labour's leaders have no right to complain that so many workers deserted the cause, for the leaders failed to produce any reason why those people should vote otherwise. And if skilled workers went whoring after momentary advantage (the promised 'tax cuts'), they did only what James Callaghan, Harold Wilson and other experts in 'pragmatism' have been doing for a couple of decades.

With considerations of electoral morale disposed of, Labour's supporters must be clear-eyed about the extent of the damage. The polls were right, and – if we may say so – so was the NEW STATESMAN's uncomforting analysis of the demographic and social background. There never was any Labour 'revival' of the sort that impressionistic reporters claimed to have perceived upon the stump. On a high turnout and a fresh register, Mr Callaghan's party – and it was very much his – did not get the support of one in three of those who possessed a vote. The election was merely the latest rockfall in a political landslide which has been proceeding for some years now, and which is stripping away Labour's essential strength.

Labour's supporters should not dare build their hopes on the simple expectation of Tory error or catastrophe. It may come – although the early signs are that victory has brought the more cautious and formidable Tories to the front. A little good judgment may enable them to use an oil-strengthened balance-of-payments to insulate some parts of the British economy from the worst effects of a new world recession. Of course, talk about free-market fundamentalism will not in reality shift the economy out of its condition of long-term stable decline. But a party capable of running for office on the basis that Britain is massively over-taxed, and groaning under an exceptional burden of public expenditure (on Election Day, the European Commission published figures which show that Britain's public-spending rate is the second-lowest in the EEC) is not overly interested in reality. And even if catastrophe should occur, that would not necessarily and of itself reverse the decay of the Labour vote. As likely a result is a sharp increase in the Liberal vote, producing a crisis of legitimacy for the system itself.

ALL THIS ASSUMES, of course, that Labour is incapable of moral and intellectual renewal. But the time to make that asumption – at which point, of course, the party will be ready for history's ash-can – has not yet arrived. The party which is obsolescent is not the party which is sometimes defeated – the common lot of democratic parties – but the party which shows itself unable to profit from defeat. The lessons of 1970 were not learnt, or were forgotten as soon as Edward Heath blundered his way into opposition. Repetition of such a failure would be terminal.

And of course there are worse things than an electoral reverse. Another five years of office, of the imposition of half-Tory measures cloaked in half-socialist rhetoric, would most likely have assured the demolition of the Labour coalition (its potential allies alienated and all its potential leaders compromised). That is still a worse prospect for Britain than any damage the Tories are likely to inflict.

For all that, Labour is still surrounded by many dangers, of which the first is a rush for hasty solutions. When it was fashionable among leftish pundits to praise Mr Callaghan for his 'realism' and 'shrewdness', the NEW STATESMAN and its writers acquired unpopularity by predicting that his leadership would produce a debacle. It should now be obvious that Mr Callaghan cannot effectively lead the Labour Party into another election: but it should be equally obvious that the attack must be on the style and substance of his leadership, rather than on the man himself. All those who are credible candidates for the succession are complicit in his errors, and would have been ready to profit by the victory which they expected him to win. The Labour Party, if it is sensible, will make no swift judgments among them – but spend some time comparing the frankness with which they acknowledge the past, and the orginality with which they confront the future. In office, Mr Callaghan used the great patronage of the Premiership to try to remodel the party in his own inedequate image. No doubt he will continue the attempt in opposition, but all that can be said is that if he is not successfully resisted, then the failure of Labour is assured for the future.

[1] *Discourses*, Book II/29

STILL GREATER DANGERS would arise from any attempt to distance the Labour Party from the trade unions, or to see the future in terms of some false apposition between 'full-blooded socialism' and 'moderation' – a sort of born-again Crosland-ism. On the first count, there can be no doubt that by certain electoral measures the unions are extremely unpopular. But it would be owlish to overlook the fact that they are in certain respects – membership, especially – more popular than ever before, and the contradiction is one which Labour must seek urgently to resolve. However difficult the practice, the principle of the matter is not difficult to state: the unions will not recover the respect which they must have until their commitment to internal democracy is put beyond question, and until they have made some progress with the unlovely problems of income distribution and relative earnings. It is the business of the Labour leadership to demand that these questions be faced – and not to replace Mr Callaghan's alternation of servitude and complaisance with some equally futile policy of disengagement.

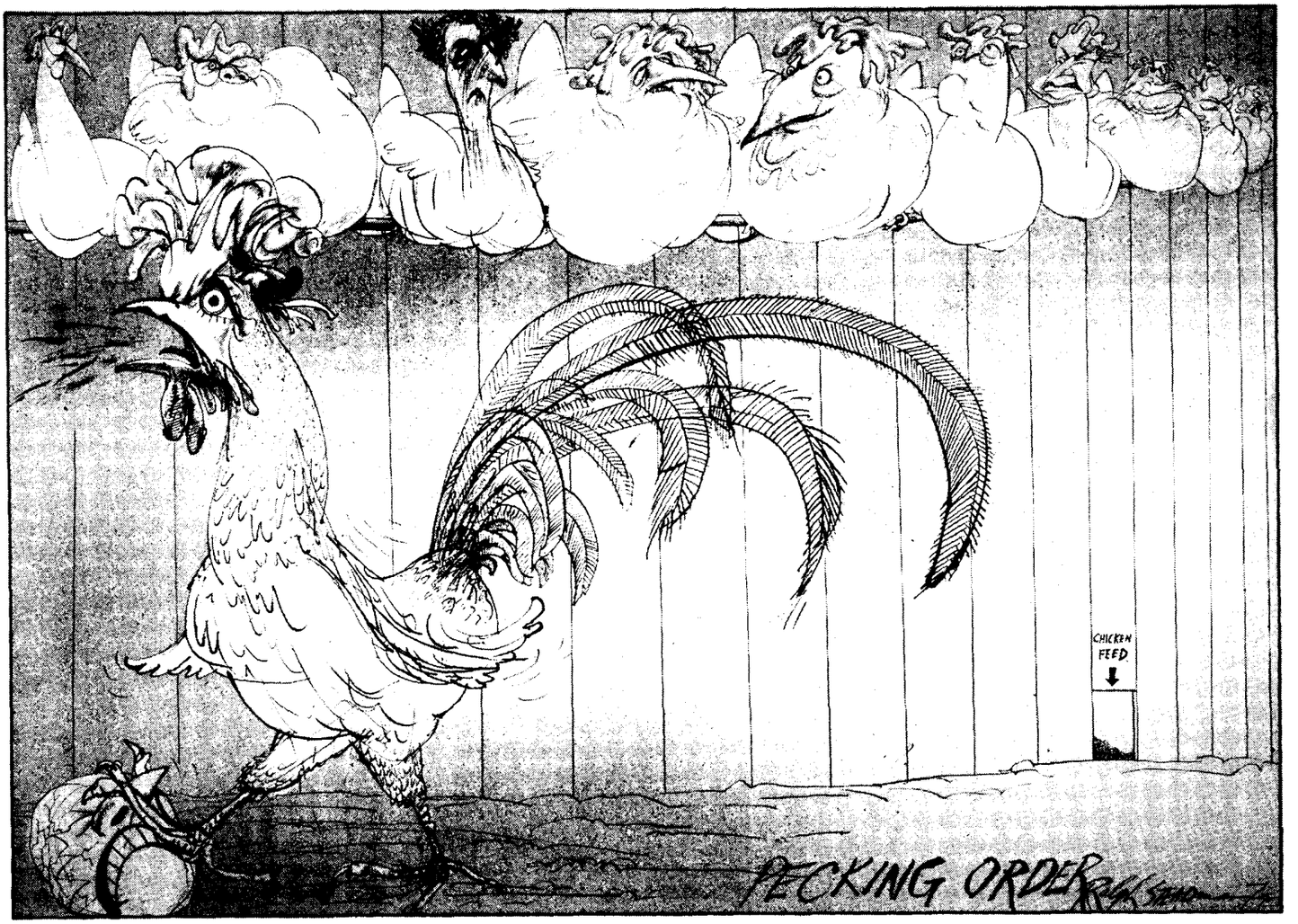
On the second count: there can be no match between, on the one hand, the 'full-blooded socialism' which deals in shopping-lists for nationalisation, and, on the other hand, the political inheritance of Anthony Crosland. Both are beyond rescue: the first destroyed by the fact the nationalised corporations, even at their best, provide little discernible improvement on their capitalist originals; the second by its inability to master the moral and intellectual resources required to prevent the Callaghan Government succumbing to neo-monetarism.

Operationally, Labour's great problem is to find a new and convincing basis for economic management. But provided that there is some willingness to face the complexities involved, there need be nothing impossible in that task. In the years that have passed since Labour last went shopping for ideas, the resources of economic science and econometrics have made formidable progress – not least in achieving better definitions of what technique can and cannot achieve. To be sure, there is still a vast amount to be learnt – about the nature of investment, about the mechanics of import penetration, and about the way that motivation operates on the micro-level of factory-floor and design office. But that is only to say the Left always needs to be learning, and when it ceases to do so it is dead. For a party which is ready to specify its objectives, and to rank them in order of moral priority, new possibilities will expand over the next few years. If the aim is – as it should be – to eliminate unemployment – then the possibility exists of pursuing that goal with a precision and flexibility which would not have been conceivable a few years ago.

FOR OUR PART, we shall devote some energy to trying to say why this is so: but there are two provisos to make. First, it will not be an easy or untaxing process: new ideas are never easy to describe or to absorb, and a depressing version of our left-wing polity can be made by describing it as a sad engagement between a fossilised Keynes and a fossilised Marx (the totems concerned being ones that neither of those two originals would have recognised). Second, there is nothing to be done without moral commitment: for with each refinement undergone by technique, the plainer it becomes that the intuitions of morality are irreplacable. And to be frank – whatever questions may be raised about Labour's intellectual capacity – it is in this area that the more serious doubts remain to be dispelled. To take a mundane example: if the last government failed in one decisive way, it was in failure to reform a tax system which operated lethally against the well-being of some of its most valuable supporters. Yet this required no more than a desire to apply, in the interest of working people, what the *Financial Times* has rightly called 'the advanced conventional wisdom' on taxation.

That failure, and others like it, occurred because under Wilson and Callaghan Labour's leadership drifted into partnership with the secretive, complaisant – not specifically evil – bureaucratic oligarchy which has ruled this country since the war. And the central commitment we require from a new Labour leadership is a commitment to break with that way of doing business. If Labour remains oligarchic – and the manner in which the new leadership is formed will tell us whether such is the case – then Labour will fail. To adapt the Machiavellian idiom with which we began, an oligarchy will always lack *virtu* – the courage and skill required to dominate events – because it subjects the good of all to the good as seen by a limited number, and because it therefore can never mobilise the rationality and constancy of the people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NOTES

Press freedom on trial in Germany

Duncan Campbell writes: Press freedom to criticise the West German government is likely to be further eroded by a trial which opened last month in Hamburg. The editor of a fortnightly newspaper, *Arbeiterkampf,* is accused of 'insulting' or holding 'in malicious contempt' the Federal Republic by publishing two articles which suggested that the deaths of Red Army Fraction members in Stammheim prison after the Martin Schleyer kidnapping may have been less than suicide.

Local prosecuting authorities have complained of four items in an account of the prison deaths, published late in 1977. These suggest that 'liquidation' of the prisoners had now become official policy, and that other prisoners could be in danger. *Arbeiterkampf* pointed out that nations such as Brazil and Argentina did employ death squads which operated with quasi-official blessing, and that the existence of such squads in Germany was an alternative to direct official actions: 'It is a matter for speculation whether the wave of "suicides" against political prisoners has been directly ordered by the Federal chancellery. . . '.

These comments are alleged to breach paragraph 90a of the West German Penal Code. It is not the first time that newspapers have been accused or convicted of the offence, but it represents a further restriction on what comment is considered by Federal authorities to be legal and permissible.

The prosecution is particularly ironical since it has been well established that a crisis planning group of the Federal chancellery evaluated contingency plans for killing the prisoners to prevent further demands for their release. The same proposition was publicly debated during the period of the Schleyer kidnapping. A subsequent official inquest absolved the West German government of suspicion of having secretly executed their prisoners, despite the existence of the contingency plans.

State authorities in Hamburg have belittled the fact that the authorities had quite specifically contemplated the prisoner's murder: 'So what?' Nevertheless, *Arbeiterkampf's* former editor Kai Ehlers aims to use the trial effectively to reopen the Stammheim inquest, arguing that the official inquiry lacked necessary independence. In the wake of the recent Russell Tribunal investigation into West German civil liberties, and growing government sensitivity to allegations of human rights violations, the trial will be a further testing ground for German press freedom and democracy.

Irish unions in new tax protest

Brian Trench writes from Dublin: More than 20,000 Dublin workers defied the national trade union leadership, the Labour Party and the foul weather to march through the capital on May Day, demanding radical tax reform. It was a clear sign that the protest movement of trade unionists wanting to shift the burden of taxation away from wage and salary earners (which brought an unprecedented 300,000 on to the streets in March) has not died away. Nor is the protest likely to be stilled by the new 'National Understanding for Economic and Social Development', a wide-ranging but vaguely worded document recently agreed in draft form by government, employers and trade union leaders. The executive of the country's largest union, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, decided after a three-day debate, that it could not recommend the draft to its members. This alone almost ensures its rejection at a special conference of the Irish Congress of Trade Unions due to be held on 23 May.

The Understanding all but reproduces the form of the discredited National Wage Agreements, setting a norm of a two-phase 15 per cent increase over 15 months. The additional elements include a tax rebate at the end of the year in return for good behaviour and job-creation 'guarantees' if industrial action is not held to have disrupted the government's economic programme.

With local and European elections coming up next month, the Fianna Fail government can do without this hostility from trade unionists, particularly as it is matched with continuing opposition from farmers who object to new measures aimed at bringing more of them into the tax net.

The direct European elections are arousing much more interest in Ireland than in Britain. Like the local elections, they are being seen as a mid-term test for the government. But the Labour Party is in a weak position to capitalise on Fianna Fail's difficulties. In spite of claims at their recent annual conference that the tax-protesters were their natural constituency, the Labour Party has been opposed to the stoppages and demonstrations and is isolated from the most active trade unionists. Two of Labour's European candidates in Dublin appear to have good chances of getting elected. One of them, the party's deputy leader, Michael O'Leary, is staging regular pickets on the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, demanding that the Minister, Padraig Faulkner, open talks with the Post Office Workers' Union, to end the three-month national postal strike. Mr O'Leary wants the public to join him there every Monday; he hasn't invited any of the 13,000 strikers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES

Strange responsibility for St John Stevas

Brian Beckett writes: One of the first tasks facing the new Minister of the Arts will be a decision on the long-running problem of chemical warfare patents which are still in open reference in the British Library at Chancery Lane. Following a February article (NS 23 February), the then Arts Minister, Lord Donaldson, scheduled a long-awaited meeting on the subject requested by Labour MP Bruce Douglas-Mann. The 13 March meeting lasted for about 30 minutes and reached no decision save that the British Library should submit a report on the nerve gas patents still on its shelves and a list of the relevant numbers was provided.

After finding that the patents listed were indeed for chemical warfare agents, Library officials submitted their report. But the Ministry has taken no further action save to leave any decision to the new regime. Those concerned with the easy availability of recipes for some of the world's most deadly compounds can take some comfort from Mr Douglas-Mann's re-election. Had he not been returned, the Ministry could have shelved the issue; its actions – such as they are – are only a response to Mr Douglas-Mann's Parliamentary inquiries.

The patents make grim reading. One boasts that it is much more toxic to mammals than a superficially similar British compound. Another shows how to make the highly lethal toxin ricin in an aerosol form – a mode in which it could endanger hundreds. One of the V-agent patents shows how to prepare VM gas in bodies of water 'such as ponds, lakes and streams'. One just pours the relevant chemicals into the water and the pond gradually turns toxic. This delightful process was originally developed as a land-wasting technique by the US Chemical Corps but now gives the terrorist the same option. It also provides a childishly simple way of preparing VM nerve gas without having to employ sophisticated laboratory equipment.

Several of the officials at the February meeting gave the impression of believing that nerve gas manufacture was beyond the capabilities of non-governmental groups or individuals. This simply isn't so. Another of their apparent beliefs is that the patents don't contain much information that is not also available in technical journals. While this is true in a few of the cases, it is a dangerous assumption for the remainder. For example, those wishing to make small quantities of ricin as it was recently used to assassinate the BBC broadcaster Georgei Markov, can find any number of recipes in the scientific literature. But the US Army patent shows how to prepare it for aerosol dispersal; it provides a technique of mass rather than individual murder – a concern fortunately absent in most scientific enquiry.

Powell for the Guardian

Anna Coote writes: News that Enoch Powell is soon to be a regular contributor to the *Guardian* has aroused some anger among members of its editorial staff. Features editor Richard Gott has been negotiating with Powell to write for the paper's new Monday page which bears the leaden title 'Agenda' and devotes itself to 'non-consensus' opinion. Powell (who is not a member of the NUJ) will be airing his views, says Gott, 'on topics mutually agreeable to us both'. The two have not yet discussed whether these will include race or immigration.

New formula for broadcasting

David Lewis-Jones writes: The selection by the Independent Broadcasting Authority of the groups to run the new commercial broadcasting stations at Coventry and Cardiff follows suggestions from the Annan Committee that organisations other than commercial enterprises should have a chance to control this medium.

In Coventry, the local radio station will be run by a non-profit making trust comprising worthy individuals from the left and right of politics and from the university. In Cardiff, the franchise has been won by local community and arts groups, who had to contend with strong competition. Those who support the community broadcasting venture hope to break fresh ground in the democratic control of the media, while their application and company structure show a pragmatic willingness to compromise with the powers that be.

Half the board members were elected after public meetings: this produced two non-conformist clergymen, one Labour councillor, two women's activists and one member of the Socialist Workers' Party. At the same time, a Community Trust was elected (of whom one member is Sir Tom Hopkinson). In future, a full voting procedure will be adopted, in which groups and individuals throughout the broadcasting area will elect members of the Community Trust and they, in turn, will elect six members of the community to sit on the board of the radio station. Another six board members will be elected by the financial investors, in the same way as in a normal company. According to this formula, the community directors will control 50 per cent of the votes in the company in a single block, while the investors, who are divided into small shareholdings will be less likely to vote in unison: thus, the democratic element is very real.

On the other hand, advertisers have to be wooed and profits made, and the IBA strictures on political neutrality abided by. Both sides, of course, have a common interest in attracting large audiences to the radio station and their application for the franchise stressed that they hoped to avoid 'Top 40' tactics.

FREE SPEECH

The scoundrel's refuge

Socialists on the whole have no great sympathy for the sight of the Union Jack. It has generally been exalted as the symbol of the Empire on which the blood never dried – and the tag 'butcher's apron' has stuck to it deservedly from the early Irish troubles. But there must be a number of sincere patriots who are fed up with seeing their national emblem dragged through the streets by a rabble of fascists giving the Hitler salute. Here is a modest proposal for removing the scoundrel's last refuge.

When Parliament reconvenes, could not some enterprising MP introduce a short bill, perhaps an amendment to the Public Order Act, prohibiting the use of the national flag by any political party? The principle would be the same as the ban on political uniforms, but the effect might be somewhat more salutary. Apart from robbing the Nazis of any outward and visible claim to patriotism, it would force them to devise a symbol by which they really could be recognised – and that might be amusing to see. There might be some complications in Ulster, but the Unionists have the Red Hand, and the Conservatives have the Primrose. (Our flag, of course, would stay red.) The Liberals don't need a flag, and the Scots and Welsh have honourable ones of their own. Why should the scum of the earth have a special dispensation?

Christopher Hitchens

POLITICS
Francis Wheen

Thatcher's 'new' Tories look very much like the old ones

Return of the jolly good chaps

DOES SIR KEITH Joseph read the *Sunday People?* Probably not. He is believed to be ploughing his lonely way through Adam Smith's *Theory of the Moral Sentiments* at the moment, and would doubtless regard the perusal of stories about ageing porn merchants and impotent actors as beneath his Fellow-of-All-Souls dignity. Which is a pity – for, had he opened last week's *People,* he would have found the perfect exposition of the ideals which he so tirelessly preaches. 'Fat Stan' Flashman, king of the ticket touts, cheerfully admits that he is asking over £200 each for £12 tickets to this weekend's FA Cup final: 'I'll have no trouble getting it – there are still more buyers around than tickets', says Fat Stan.

If Sir Keith had any of the intellectual honesty to which he aspires, he would ask Mrs. Thatcher to seek out Fat Stan, give him a life peerage and make him Minister for something or other. Here is a man who is actually putting into practice Sir Keith's romantic dreams of an unfettered free market economy; here is a risk-taker, a wealth-creator, one of those people who need more 'incentives' to make Britain prosperous. Ignore the fact that the only result of Fat Stan's trade is that he becomes fatter in exact proportion to his victims' impoverishment: he is Free Enterprise Man, harbinger of a new era, an entrepreneur of whom Sir Keith ought to be proud.

But there is no room in the Cabinet for Fat Stan Flashman. And if he wished to stand for Parliament, one can be sure that the Tories would give him a hopeless seat to fight: despite their oft-professed fondness for the 'self-made man', the Tories persist in giving their safest seats to Old Etonians and other members of the aristocracy – and it is for that reason that we shall not, for example, be seeing Eric Morley (of Miss World fame) in the new House. In spite of the fanfares announcing a new Tory broom, the real exemplars of the 'new' Toryism have been firmly locked in the broom cupboard. 'THE NEW MEN' was the heading which the *Sunday*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Telegraph chose for its piece on Margaret Thatcher's Cabinet, but the real message that came along the wires last Saturday is that the Tory Party is not better, it is much the same.

We had been warned, of course. As Christopher Hitchens pointed out recently (NS 13 April), the team sent by Mrs Thatcher to observe the Rhodesian 'elections' was made up entirely of the Very Old Guard. Even so, it is worth examining the Cabinet in some detail to see whether Thatcher's campaign rhetoric about grocers' daughters and flats-above-the-shop has been reflected in the people with whom she chooses to surround herself.

WHEN ALICK Buchanan-Smith, Lord Balerno's son, resigned as Shadow Scottish Spokesman in 1976 over devolution, his replacement was Teddy Taylor, a man of comparatively humble origins. His appointment suggested that perhaps Mrs Thatcher really did intend to bring in other 'grocer's daughters'. Not a bit of it: now Taylor has lost his seat, Mrs. Thatcher has reverted to feudal form and appointed the Hon George Younger as her Scottish Secretary. Younger is the son and heir of the third Viscount Younger of Leckie; like his father he was educated at Winchester and New College Oxford; and he was for ten years a director of the family brewing firm.

South of the border, too, the qualifications for office in the 'new' Tory age look familiar: if you are an aristocratic landowner and farmer you are already most of the way there; if you have a handful of directorships to your name, so much the better; and if you are a barrister as well your chances are very good indeed.

For the task of running foreign and colonial matters Mrs. Thatcher has chosen the old Etonian who, with great diplomacy, took over his father's title forty years ago to become the 6th Baron Carrington. Carrington's massive wealth (he is a large landowner in Buckinghamshire) has continued to grow in the past decade with his chairmanship of the Australia and New Zealand Bank and directorships at Barclays Bank, Barclays Bank International, Cadbury Schweppes, Rio Tinto-Zinc, Hambros Bank and the Amalgamated Metal Corporation Ltd. Barclays, of course, have played a not inconsiderable part in propping up apartheid over the years, and RTZ have been busy

in Namibia with the Rossing mine. All in all, a fine record for the man who is going to fly the flag for Britain in black Africa.

Since Carrington is in the Lords, Mrs. Thatcher has also had to appoint someone to act as foreign affairs spokesman in the Commons; the job has gone to Sir Ian Gilmour, the new Lord Privy Seal. Sir Ian (Eton and Balliol) inherited the baronetcy two years ago. His grandfather was Viscount Chelsea (who, in turn, was the eldest son of the 5th Earl of Cadogan). He is married to the Lady Caroline Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott, younger daughter of the 8th Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. Add to this the fact that he is a former owner and editor of the *Spectator* (not necessarily a handicap) and barrister (definitely a plus).

Another baronet, Sir Keith Joseph (Harrow and Magdalen) has been made Secretary of State for Industry. His knowledge of industry was acquired in the family construction firm, Bovis Ltd, of which he was chairman in the late '50s. Since 1975 he has been a director of Drayton Premier Investment Trust (a Midland Bank subsidiary). His father left the handy sum of £148,000. Sir Keith is also a member of the Bar.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the new Chancellor, was educated at Winchester. He is a barrister and company director (EMI Ltd, Sun Alliance and London Insurance); shortly after joining EMI he began complaining loudly that our punitive tax rates were forcing pop stars to live abroad – complaints which doubtless pleased EMI, since they represent a number of our leading pop stars. Equally well-qualified for membership of Mrs. Thatcher's exciting new team is Mark Carlisle, the Education Secretary: like Howe he is a QC, and like Joseph he has been on the board of an investment trust. Patrick Jenkin at the DHSS is yet another barrister; like the Prime Minister herself he had an unsuccessful career at the income tax Bar. He went off to work for Distillers and since then has held a number of directorships in firms as diverse as Royal Worcester (who make the pottery) and the Continental and Industrial Trust (yet another investment trust).

It is, of course, possible to enter Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet if you are not a barrister; but only if you excel in another field – or, more exactly, the dozens of fields that make up a sizeable landholding. Thus William Whitelaw, the new Home Secretary, is a farmer and landowner in Cumbria. The fact that he is related to Lord Thorneycroft is certainly not a hindrance; nor is the fact that his eldest daughter is married to the Hon Nicholas Cunliffe-Lister, heir to the earldom of Swinton. It is also useful to have a Winchester education under one's belt.

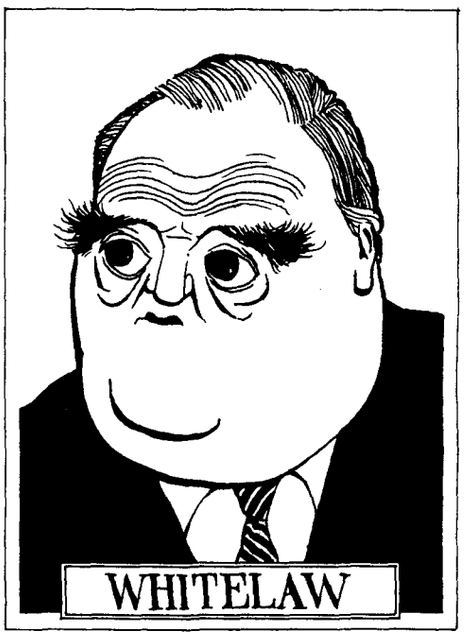
Francis Pym's father, himself a Tory MP, exercised his freedom of choice to send his son to Eton. Young Pym also inherited valuable agricultural holdings, and lives in the ancestral family home at Everton Park in Bedfordshire.

James Prior was educated at Charterhouse. He was for many years a land agent in Norfolk and Suffolk, and also farms 370 acres at Beccles. In addition to looking after his Hereford cows he has found time for a number of directorships – most recently Norwich Union, Avon Cosmetics and United Biscuits. United Biscuits chairman Sir Hector Laing was one of Mrs Thatcher's leading backers in the election campaign, and was also involved in bringing a court case over secondary picketing earlier this year. In the past five years James Prior has also acted as a consultant for Trust Houses Forte – who have been waging a protracted and acrimonious union recognition battle. With such a background Prior was clearly the man to take the job of Employment Secretary.

MANY OBSERVERS have noted the 'moderation' of Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet, and they are probably right; but it is important to understand what sort of moderation it is in order to see how completely she has turned her back on the meritocratic ideals which she preached in the campaign. In a volume called *Conservative Essays,* published last year, Maurice Cowling argued that Mrs Thatcher

> should feel impelled towards a diffidence, irony or detachment which, whether Christian or cynical, will enable (her) to avoid ethical earnestness; and (she) should do this not because ethical earnestness is dangerous but because it is earnest and, as Mr Heath discovered, provides no route to that unity of national sentiment for which Conservatives need to seek.

Although Cowling does not draw the conclusion of this, it is perfectly clear what he means: those who consider themselves to have risen in life by merit and hard work, whether they be Margaret Thatcher or Sir Freddie Laker,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are too earnestly strident, too zealous in preaching the self-help gospel of Samuel Smiles; this sort of evangelism antagonises many people (as Thatcher's personal unpopularity in the opinion polls suggests) and dents the Tories' claim to be a party of 'national unity'. Far better to give people the kind of leaders they have come to expect – relaxed, cynical patricians.

WHY SHOULD Mrs Thatcher have accepted this line so unquestioningly? Why should the champion of 'competition' choose as her closest adviser Lord Thorneycroft, who, as chairman of Pirelli General, was caught last year in a price-fixing ring operating against the Post Office? Why should the apostle of 'merit' wish to fill her Cabinet with landed gentry? T. E. Utley, a *Daily Telegraph* leader writer and leading Conservative thinker, unconsciously gave the answer in *Conservative Essays:*

> She is an instinctive and wholly English Conservative. Her belief in individual freedom is firmly set in the context of respect for institutions and tradition.

She does not wish in any way to change those institutions (one of which is a Conservative government); rather, she seeks to alter *herself* in order to make herself acceptable to them. Aristocrats have always liked to keep a healthy distance between themselves and their womenfolk; she has overcome this by pretending to be a man and condemning the women's movement. To fit in with another aristocratic tradition she had to send Mark to Harrow; she achieved this by marrying a large wad of money in the shape of Denis Thatcher. And now she has filled her Cabinet with aristocrats in order to prove how at ease she feels among such people. As Sir Cyril Osborne used to say, with the Tories 'it's the bed you were born in or the one you climbed into that decides.'

FOREIGN POLICY
Godfrey Hodgson

Thatcher's policies will please the President's enemies

Collision course with Carter

MRS THATCHER, Lord Carrington and Sir Ian Gilmour seem unaware of it. But for the first time since 1962, when Harold Macmillan went to Nassau and parleyed his avuncular relationship with John Kennedy into an American donation of Polaris missiles to assure the future of the 'independent' British nuclear deterrent (and incidentally earned the undying resentment of General de Gaulle), a British government is now potentially on collision course with an Administration in Washington.

That may sound like partisan or alarmist exaggeration. It is not. Nor is it based on mere personal estimates of how popular either Conservative policies or Conservative personalities are likely to be in Washington. It is true that few members of the Carter Administration, if they had been asked to choose their favourite new British prime minister, would have chosen a cross between Representative Jack Kemp and Mrs Miniver. But if there is one thing Washingtonians are good at, it is getting along with those who hold a quantum, or even a quantulum, of power.

The real reason for predicting a collision is that on two major political issues — major, that is, in Washington's terms — Mrs Thatcher and her paladins are on the record as being on the opposite side to the President. On both SALT and Southern Africa, the President is locked in conflict with an aggressive and determined conservative faction in Congress. Each issue is capable of affecting the President's credibility, and therefore his prospects of re-election; this is conspicuously true of SALT, but Carter's enemies on SALT and his enemies on Rhodesia overlap. These formidable political opponents — men like Senator Jesse Helms, Senator S.I. Hayakawa and Senator Richard Lugar — are bitterly scornful of the Anglo-American plan for Rhodesia, to which the president has deeply committed his prestige. They want to raise sanctions on Rhodesia, and to fight sanctions on South Africa. So do the Tories. They are deeply sceptical of the strategic arms treaty, mistrustful of the Soviet Union, and particularly concerned about the implications of Soviet medium-range missiles like the SS-20 for the Nato Alliance. So are the Tories.

No amount of personal charm (and Lord Carrington has great reserves of that commodity, even if Mrs Thatcher does not), and no amount of platitudinising about the shared Anglo-American heritage of deep commitments to the Western alliance will gloss over the fact that the Tories don't simply disagree with the President's policies. They loudly agree with those of his most dangerous political enemies. And that at a time when the 1980 presidential election is about to burst in mercies on our heads, so that such coincidences of ideas between British and American conservatives are less likely to be ignored than they might otherwise be.

BY FAR THE MOST URGENT decisions Mrs Thatcher and Lord Carrington will have to take are the two African ones: whether to use Britain's veto in the security council to prevent the United Nations imposing sanctions on South Africa over Namibia; and whether to carry out the Tory manifesto's promise to 'return Rhodesia to a state of legality, move to lift sanctions, and . . . ensure that the new independent state gains international recognition', provided the Rhodesian election (now over) and the Muzorewa government fulfil the Six Principles which successive British governments have insisted upon.

Lord Boyd and his fellow Tory observers can be relied on to remove any doubts on that score. The coast would then be clear for the Tories to carry out their manifesto pledges. Only the Washington problem remains. Francis Pym, when I talked to him before the election, seemed only dimly aware of the fact that the David Owen policy of what Pym called 'imbalance' – meaning an attempt to involve the Patriotic Front in the settlement of the Rhodesia question – was also the policy of the United States government. It is possible that one of the subsidiary reasons why Mrs Thatcher has given the Foreign Office to Peter Carrington, rather than to Francis Pym who shadowed it, is precisely because he is less at sea in Washington than Pym would have been. But no amount of contacts in Washington will make the dilemma less acute.

Last summer, Senator Helms and his friends of the pro-Smith lobby (and that is what it is, even though it has attracted support from moderate or baffled senators) tried to force the President to lift sanctions. They failed. But the Administration was glad to get away with the face-saving Case-Javits amendment (sponsored also, incidentally, by Senator Moynihan) committing the United States to lift sanctions if a genuine attempt at all-party talks were made, and if the 1979 spring elections in Rhodesia were fair. Helms and his men now contend that Smith's willingness, expressed while in the US as their guest last autumn, to talk with all parties discharges one half of the Case-Javits conditions, and that the elections meet the other half. They can therefore be expected to move soon to force the President to lift sanctions. Andy Young and the African experts in the State department believe it would be a disaster if they succeeded. But the President's political advisers are said to have been urging on him the danger of getting into a fight over Rhodesia — after all a relatively obscure issue in US politics — with the very same men he must beat if he is to pass a SALT treaty. And that is a matter of political life and death for Carter.

So Lord Carrington is bound to have to think twice before rushing in to lift sanctions, at the very moment when Carter is agonising over the decision to fight lifting sanctions himself — something which the President's very active moral conscience and his very persuasive ambassador to the United Nations will both be urging him to do.

A similar dilemma faces the foreign secretary over Namibia. Every instinct of the Tory party applauds the language used by Francis Pym in a speech on Southern Africa less than a month ago: 'On the question of Namibia it seems to me that the South African government has recently shown moderation and good faith in the face of deplorable provocation and prevarication from the other side.' (Meaning, of course, SWAPO, which does at least represent *some* of the inhabitants of Namibia!) Yet it is very probable that the UN will vote to impose a mild form of economic sanctions on South Africa over Namibia. And it is very unlikely that Andy Young will cast an American veto in the Security Council. Does Peter Carrington really want to make it one of his first visible acts as foreign secretary to differ so openly from the United States, and on a matter which is so dear to so many of the member countries of the UN?

ON THE FACE of things, the difference between the Carter Administration's policies and the Tories' on SALT is less sharp. But in politics symbolism is all. And the Tories have been making noises which sound like Carter's opponents. The crucial debate on the ratification of a SALT treaty in the Senate will not turn on the technicalities of throw-weights, and second strikes, and Minuteman invulnerability. There will be two major decisive questions: Does the treaty leave the United states in a condition of dangerous inferiority *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union? And, more viscerally, can the soviet Union be trusted enough to make such efforts at arms limitation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth while? High on the list of the minor tactical questions is the SS20 and what, if anything, Nato should do to counter it.

What does the Tory manifesto have to say? Only that 'during the past five years the military threat to the West has grown steadily as the Communist bloc has established virtual parity in strategic weapons and a substantial superiority in conventional weapons'. And that the 'SALT discussions increase the importance of ensuring the continuing effectiveness of Britain's nuclear deterrent'. The first sentence is a truism, and the second is an absurdity, to those who know the nuclear score. But symbolically both propositions sound like the language of Carter's enemies, the opponents of ratifying the treaty which he is expected to sign with Mr Brezhnev sometime this month. And the alleged need for a new Nato nuclear missile, capable of reaching the territory of the Soviet Union, to counteract the deployment of the SS20, is an argument that has specifically been used by Senator Jackson and other critics of the proposed SALT treaty.

Back in the early Sixties, before he won the 1964 election, Harold Wilson, when he met the British correspondents in Washington at informal briefings, always used to sport a Nato tie, an undistinguished piece of haberdashery sprinkled with the Nato logo. Some of us, to tease him, used to ask: 'Oh, by the way, Mr Wilson, what's that tie you're wearing?' And he would never fail to look down, pretend to be surprised, and explain that it was a Nato tie: what more natural, he liked to imply, than that such a staunch champion of Western defence should happen to have pulled that particular tie out of the rack that morning. Harold Wilson never did anything trivial by accident, and the choice of neckwear was elaborately deliberate. In those days, Labour was suspected of being 'neutralist'. Or at the very least Harold Wilson was afraid that it might be.

NOW, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, it is Labour that is the American party in Britain. A steady American predilection for the Centre-Left has helped to bring that about. So, too, has assiduous effort on the part of Wilson, Callaghan, Healey, Harold Lever and others. There was an amusing illustration of this in the *Sunday Times* office the week Callaghan became prime minister. One of the *Sunday Times* men was at work on a profile of the new leader when he was visited, to his surprise, by another journalist who was considered somewhat in the nature of an unofficial emissary from the Foreign Office.

'I thought you might like to know what the Foreign Office thinks of Jim?'

'What does it think?'

'They like him. They think he was a very British Foreign secretary.'

'What on earth does that mean?'

'Well, I mean he has always stuck very close to the American line.'

There are complexities to US politics that sometimes seem to escape the Tories. The Americans who speak their language are not those in power. So it won't do for them to go on proclaiming that they believe both in the American connection that has been the sheet anchor of British policy for a generation, and in the things the Presidents' opponents are saying about Africa and the Soviet Union. They will have to choose.

POLITICS
Patrick Wintour

The right wing of the Labour Party prepares to attack

Aftermath of defeat

HAVING TAKEN HIS CASE to the country, Jim Callaghan clearly intends to stay on as leader and defend it within the Labour Party. Machine-man to the end, he will no doubt try to ensure before his own retirement that the most important positions in the Party remain in the right hands. And three strategic jobs will soon become vacant at Transport House. The National Agent Reg Underhill is retiring in three months and his job has already been advertised internally in Transport House, Percy Clerk, the publicity director, has also announced his departure but delayed the actual move because of the election. More surprisingly, general secretary Ron Hayward announced last Friday at a post-election gathering that he had fought his last election in his current post.

There are signs that the coming months will see less in the way of back-biting over policy failures (the political split between Left and right is well trodden ground), than of arguments about what kind of party machine should exist. If this is true, the three Transport House appointments will take on a special relevance. So too will the deliberations of the Party Organisation Inquiry Committee, set up 18 months ago under the aegis of David Basnett.

This body is now in the sway of the party's right wing. The Left refused to tackle the issue of reorganisation before the election (fearing, perhaps, it would lose out if it did) and allowed the Right to take the initiative. Yet the fact that the party structure desperately needs overhauling can be seen clearly on both sides. Both Tony Benn and Eric Heffer have made speeches since the election about the need to build a better organisation and a mass party – and Benn has been saying that he intends to devote much of his energy in opposition to the question of organisation. But as far as the Inquiry is concerned, the running will be made by the Right, with support from such trade union leaders as John Boyd, Terry Duffy, Frank Chapple and Ray Grantham. The need to increase the efficiency of the party has become confused with the fears of the Right of ultra-left tendencies and the Inquiry Committee will be trying to wrest control of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party from the Left. Three methods of acheiving this have been mooted: to abolish the women's section (an unlikely option); or to establish direct representation on the NEC of the Parliamentary Labour Party, or of local government representatives.

It is unlikely that the Right will be able to perfect its plans in time for this year's party conference. In the meantime, right-wingers will devote their energies to gathering, through their union conferences, a majority of votes in favour of incomes policy, and against some of the Leftists standing for re-election to the NEC. One target is likely to be Joan Maynard. There are reports, too, that another purge of 'trotskyist entrists' is on the way.

If all this seems like very bad news for the Left of the Labour Party, there is at least some hope that the Press has been wrong to interpret the election results as a swing to the right in the Parliamentary Labour Party. (The *Observer* announced that 'the new PLP looks like being a bastion of the centre and right'.) Some star Tribune names have been defeated, but the intake of MPs replacing retired Labour members alone replenishes the stock of left-wing MPs. As for the verdict that voters turned against left-wing extremists, there is no evidence to support such a view. Out of 15 Labour candidates who were defeated in what appeared to be 'safe' seats, more than half were clearly identified as right-wingers (Williams, Tomlinson, Irving, Stead, Hartley-Brewers, Alan Lee Williams, Moonman and McFarquar).

ULTIMATELY MORE IMPORTANT for the party than any marginal changes in the political complexion of the PLP will be whom the NEC appoints to the three positions coming vacant in Transport House.

There are three likely candidates for the post of National Agent: Joyce Gould, the present woman's officer, Walter Brown the deputy organiser and Barrie Clarke, the present political education officer. Traditionally, The Agent's Organisation Department has been the preserve of the Right and has presided over a stately and steady decline in party membership and enthusiasm. It has failed to come up with any answer to this decline. The dwindling band of poorly-paid agents and regional organisers have become dispirited, inefficiently distributed across the country, disproportionately elderly (even for the Labour Party) and remarkably apolitical. Reversing this trend will be a massive task.

A major test of how successful Callaghan has been in retaining the party for the Right will occur when a new general secretary is appointed. Hayward has acted as a non-political and slightly vague administrator. Callaghan may now want to go for an old and strong union hand such as Derek Gladwyn, currently southern region organiser for the GMWU, chairman of the powerful Conference Arrangements Committee and, for the last four weeks, Callaghan's not altogether wise personal choice as manager of the Labour campaign. But Gladwyn may need some persuading to take on the job: he is also said to have his eye on Basnett's office, after his leader's retirement.

Callaghan will probably try to time his own departure to facilitate the smooth transfer of the party's reins to Denis Healey or perhaps Merlyn Rees, an old ally of Callaghan's. The departure of Shirley Williams has complicated the succession and may have left room for manoeuvre by such candidates as Peter Shore and John Silkin. However, both of these men probably need a little more time to establish their leadership claims than Callaghan will allow them. Apart from the age and overbearing character of Denis Healey, there is little to stop him if he remains Callaghan's personal choice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL ECONOMY
Peter Stothard

Sir Keith Joseph's first U-turn is not far away

The State's titanium tangle

IN ALL PROBABILITY Sir Keith Joseph, the new industry minister, will have already received his first lesson in the imperatives of state capitalism: there are some industries which the private sector want to abandon but which are too important to be allowed to disappear. Before he has even got his sleeves rolled up, Sir Keith, committed to dismembering the National Enterprise Board, will discover the NEB is about to embark on a £10 million plus rescue of the British titanium industry and he will have little choice but to back the scheme. It will be no good Sir Keith arguing that this is a folly inherited from the Labour government; the state is having to step in because the private sector monopoly supplier has refused to keep open the only place in the Western world capable of supplying an essential part for the entire Rolls-Royce aero-engine programme, to which £250 million of government money is committed.

Not for nothing does titanium take its name from obstreperous Greek monsters – the same ones who inspired the christeners of the Titanic. It has a short sharp history of boom and bust, keeping closely in step with the fortunes of the aerospace industry. The metal's advantages for aircraft designers are its resistance to corrosion and high strength-to-weight ratio.But it is very complex to produce and the only place it is made is the Bain Works, a small corrugated-iron and red-brick block-house on a corner of ICI's Wilton complex in Teesside. The works are old, dirty, inefficient and unprofitable and two years ago ICI told the government – though not their workers, who still remain in ignorance – that they would be closing the works down.

The Bain Works produce pure titanium granules from titanium oxide ore; elsewhere in the world the most common method of titanium production produces a coke-like titanium sponge. ICI pioneered their system, it is believed, to use up their excess capacity in sodium, which the process uses. No-one else followed ICI's lead except for two small manufacturers in Japan and America. Rolls-Royce committed themselves to the ICI process both because it was a purer product and it offered a secure source of supply. As the titanium produced by the two processes is not readily interchangeable, this has proved an expensive decision. When, in 1977, Rolls-Royce heard that ICI titanium might be a thing of the past, a study team was hurriedly set up with Imperial Metal Industries, a former ICI subsidiary which smelts the granules into the metal billets that are the engine-makers' raw material. In the middle of last year the team reported back, saying that for most components of Rolls-Royce engines there was no problem in swapping suppliers but for the important compressor blades and discs it could take between *four* and *nine* years to adapt the engines so they could use the titanium from the sponge process. The minimum requirement for the sodium-reduced titanium produced by ICI was six hundred tons a year.

This report was most disturbing. Suddenly at stake were the RB 211–535, the lead engine for the Boeing 757, and the RB 199 which is to power the European Multi-Role-Combat-Aircraft, the Tornado. Both projects were essential: one for the government's industrial strategy; one for their defence policy. However, ICI insisted that the Bain Works would not be kept going beyond the end of 1979. The company admitted they had spent nothing on keeping the plant up to date in recent years; research and development had been kept to a minimum – 'necessary debottlenecking' in the words of the executive closely involved, Mr John Yeoman. Although the process is labour intensive, bad working conditions (described delicately by Mr Yeoman as 'uncomfortable') made it hard to attract labour. Although the company denied that Bain was unsafe, Ministry of Defence officials were less certain. Journalists are not allowed to see the plant in operation 'for security reasons'.

ICI'S ARGUMENT was not just, however, that it couldn't keep the plant open. It didn't want to. Titanium had become an unprofitable by-product for the company. Bain had already been 'mothballed' once (between '59 and '65) and the subsequent cancellation of the TSR2 programme and the Rolls-Royce bankruptcy were reminders of the instability of the market, even though in 1978 sales were beginning to pick up. ICI repeated a common complaint to the Government: the titanium market was permanently flooded with metal dumped from the Soviet Union and Japan. (The price of Japanese titanium is currently about £2,650 per ton compared to the £3,600 per ton that Rolls-Royce pays). Acrimonious discussions continued over many months. ICI's attitude, expressed again recently by its spokesman at Wilton, was that 'if anyone ought to bear the losses on titanium production it ought to be the eventual user'. The company was giving two years' notice of the closure. What more did the Government want? The Government wanted to know how the plant had been allowed to get to its last legs. But as the deadline grew closer and closer the options for Rolls-Royce were getting ever more narrow. Neither of the world's only other two sodium-reduction plants, Nippon Soda in Japan and Reactive Metal Industries in Ohio, could provide even a short-term solution.

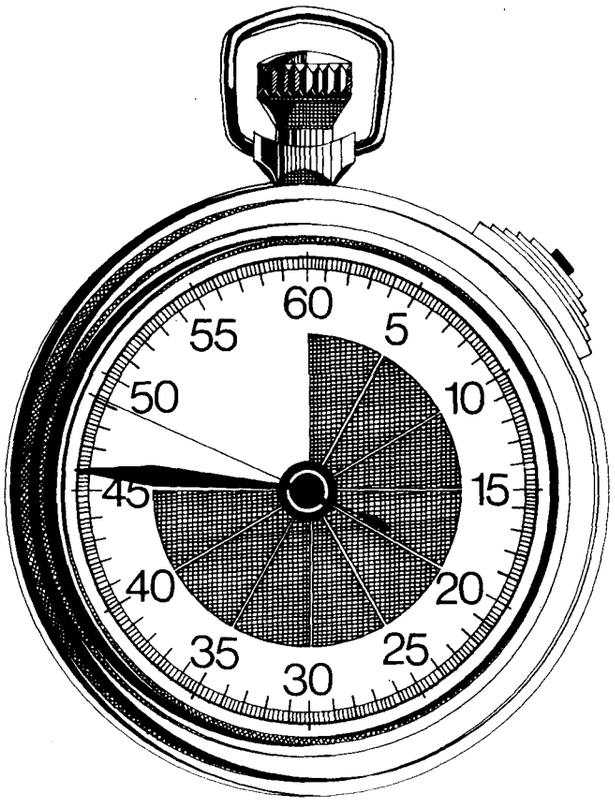
When Rolls-Royce's back was firmly against the wall, ICI produced a compromise plan that it had previously said was impossible. The Bain Works could be kept open until 1982 – but only as long as Rolls-Royce were willing to pay double the price for their metal (up to £7,400 per ton), amounting to at least an extra £5m. Some of this was to be earmarked by ICI for essential repairs to Bain, but the stockpiling cost would have to be financed by Rolls-Royce. The Department of Industry squealed 'blackmail' but had little option but to allow Rolls-Royce to accept the terms and foot the bill through additional Government finance for the company. For ICI the compromise had an added bonus of saving about 100 jobs at Bain and thus postponing redundancies to possibly happier times in 1982.

With the short-term future assured the Government turned its attention to the longer term prospects for the industry. A working party was established that included the National Enterprise Board, which holds the Government's shares in Rolls-Royce, Rolls-Royce itself, Imperial Metal Industries, the Department of Industry and the Ministry of Defence. Rolls-Royce and IMI reported back again on the gloomy prospects for revalidating the RB 211 and RB 199 engines with titanium from the sponge process. Their first estimate of between four and nine years was now considered to be somewhat optimistic. Defence Ministry officials exhibited growing alarm. An ancient decaying plant on Teesside had become a threat to the RAF's front-line battle-plane for the '80s, and the price of a Tornado had already risen to nearly £14m. a throw before this problem surfaced. The Ministry of Defence also warned that the Soviet titanium dumping in Western Europe was not merely a means of earning foreign currency but an economic strike at the heart of a key strategic target. Nearly half of Western European titanium needs currently originates from the USSR where capacity is planned to be increased by 40 per cent within five years.

BOTH ROLLS-ROYCE and IMI agreed with the Defence Ministry that Britain, unlike France and Germany, should retain its own titanium industry. In fact, the working party was surprisingly unanimous that a plant be built. Unfortunately, to the Government's surprise if to no-one else's it was equally clear that no private sector money would be forthcoming for it. The NEB had already drawn a blank among the city institutions and IMI claimed that the required investment was disproportionate to its other activities. At the back of its mind was the certainty that the Government had little option but to stump up the cash (via the NEB or some other channel) or risk its already massive investment in Rolls-Royce. The National Enterprise Board is understandably reluctant to get involved. It has no expertise in titanium and has little reason to trust the cost estimates of the various projects put up by IMI, especially since IMI is only prepared to manage a new plant and is not prepared to invest in it. The favourite among current proposals is for a £20m. plant to be built on Merseyside with a capacity of 3,600 tons per year (the same as the Bain plant). Even with all the development grants and handouts from other Government sources this cannot be made to give a discounted cash-flow return of more than 14 per cent. Realists estimate a good deal less. The cheaper option is for a plant of about half the size, costing only £12m. to build but offering only 3 per cent return at best.

The NEB is also nervous because ICI, though wanting nothing more to do with titanium, has been casting private doubts about IMI's ability to manage a sodium-reduction plant. ICI also believes that only a giant 10,000 tons per year plant could be truly economic even under the protection of tariff barriers. The result is a feeling of intense frustration in Whitehall that the Government can be so easily left struggling to sort out what is essentially a private-sector foul-up. An announcement from the NEB is imminent. Building work must begin soon if the new plant is to take over from Bain Works by 1982.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Extra time.

Time is running out for oil.

We all know that the world's reserves are finite, and steadily draining away. But there's no cause to assume that the final whistle will blow at 4.40 one Saturday afternoon, come what may. It's still possible to play for time.

Running a national energy policy is like football management: as much an art as a science. The run of play is only partly within your control, and luck can be a decisive factor.

But to an oil company, as one commentator among many, there are a couple of points which seem clear.

Firstly, the critical time for decisions has already arrived. We mustn't let North Sea oil and gas delude us into ignoring the energy problem until it's too late to find proper solutions. The North Sea break won't last for ever. Given suitable incentives, UK production will meet a major part of Britain's oil needs until the end of the century. But that's not so very much longer than it seems to take nowadays to build a power station from scratch — especially a nuclear one.

Secondly, there's no better insurance than having as many fit substitutes on the squad as possible. At the moment, we're asking oil to do too much; and that's the way to exhaust it.

In an uncertain world, we need all the energy options we can get.

It makes little sense to rely so heavily on oil for generating electricity and heating buildings: jobs which could be done by less precious fuels. So we need to build up coal to full strength; to resolve, if we can, the problems which make nuclear energy unpopular on the terraces; and to groom the exotics, like solar energy and wave power.

The sooner we can get those substitutes into play, the longer we can count on oil for its unique qualities: as a transport fuel and lubricant, for example.

Mobil is building new plant in Britain to refine crude oil more flexibly; producing more transport fuel and less of the 'substitutable' fuel oils as demand patterns change.

Other oil companies are doing much the same. So the oil industry is ready for a substitute strategy.

We can't stop the clock; but we can still put off the final whistle.

Mobil®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICS

Christopher T. Husbands and Jude England

Despite its electoral setback, should the National Front be banned?

The hidden support for racism

IN LAST WEEK'S general election the National Front managed a deeply humiliating set of results. Their 303 candidates received a total of only 191,706 votes, an average of 1.3 per cent of votes cast in the constituencies they fought. In many cases the number of votes received by the NF were little better than those regularly given to the perennial joke candidates. In Greater London, where it fought 88 out of the 92 seats, the NF managed only 2.0 per cent of votes in these contests, compared with 4.0 per cent in the 34 fought in October 1974. Nowhere did its support increase relative to October 1974; in fact, it declined quite sharply even in some areas of earlier relative strength, such as Tottenham.

It would be gratifying if one could conclude from these results that the NF is truly a spent political force. However, such a dismissal may be premature. Probably the main reason for the Front's poor performance was the success of Mrs Thatcher and the Tory Party in capturing the race and immigration issue from the NF. To keep this support Mrs Thatcher may have to be seen to be 'delivering' on the immigration issue. The extent to which she would have to go in a severe economic recession to 'deliver' can only rouse considerable disquiet, and one wonders whether even the Conservative Party would countenance such stringency.

As much research has now shown, it is difficult to exaggerate the depth of feeling on the subject of race and immigration in large parts of the white British electorate: the predominant view amounts almost to 'consensus racism'. Our own survey (see the tables opposite) suggests that many other NF policy positions fall firmly in the mainstream of British politics. On race, 24 per cent of our respondents – who are largely typical of the white electorates of England's inner-urban areas – went as far as favouring compulsory repatriation. Only 14 per cent of the respondents of our survey approved entry to the relatives of immigrants already here. Almost a fifth of our respondents thought that the Labour Party's policy was one of free entry of immigrants, a position the party abandoned 15 years ago. More intriguing still, almost all who believed this thought illegal immigration was a very important or fairly important problem. The holding of such logically incompatible views highlights the way in which, when asked virtually anything about immigration, many respondents react unthinkingly. Their responses to individual questions on immigration are compartmentalised. The image of the Labour Party as somehow 'soft' on immigration, even apparently to the extent of favouring an open-door policy, is deeply engrained. At the same time, parts of the mass media have, during the last few years, given such attention to this supposed problem of illegal immigration that any question about it evokes almost universal agreement – 95 per cent of our whole sample thought it very or fairly important.

BUT IT IS on other issues strongly or uniquely associated with the NF's policy positions that our findings are most surprising. On capital punishment, hostility to the Common Market (though, regrettably, we lack data in this survey on attitudes to actual withdrawal), tough sentences for criminals, hostility to the supposed present power of the trade unions, and (to a lesser extent) preference for buying British goods – all positions that the NF champions – a majority ranging from large to substantial would actually support the NF viewpoint or else they are as close to it as the statements available to us permit them to be placed. The NF is the party most strongly associated with the first five positions shown in the top table opposite but one or more of the other parties is also associated with each to a greater or lesser degree of clarity. It is this association that partly prevents the NF from using these issues to gain significant mass support from the other parties. But even on the extreme issue of compulsory repatriation – on which the NF stance is at present distinctive – almost a quarter of the sample supports the NF position. On both this and the other issues considered, there is very little difference between the levels of support for particular positions among groups of NF supporters and sympathisers and among the supporters of the three major parties. NF policies are deeply entrenched in at least some parts of the white electorate. There is no vast chasm differentiating NF supporters and sympathisers and those supporting the conventional parties. While an analysis of the NF as an extremist phenomenon may apply to its organisational activities or to its ideology, it does not apply to most of its supporters and sympathisers. Immediate and large-scale mobilisation by the NF has been prevented by the 'tough' policies of the other parties on at least some of these issues and by the 'tough' image of the NF itself. Non-NF supporters can be differentiated from NF supporters and sympathisers according to their attitudes to the NF itself, as the lower table opposite shows. A significant proportion of non-NF supporters agree with various negative statements about the NF. It is these perceptions, doubtless partly caused by anti-NF publicity over the past couple of years, that are one barrier to future mobilisation by the NF.

With policy positions which fall firmly into the mainstream of public opinion, there is the disquieting possibility of the NF's resurgence. This raises the question of the legality of the Front, a matter forcefully posed in the past by parts of the British left. The typicality of many NF supporters shows that the case for banning it cannot be based on its deviant extremism. At the same time, given the self-confessed neo-Nazi backgrounds and the now widely publicised statements of intolerance from some of the leadership of the NF, the case for proscription is perhaps strengthened by this very typicality of the voters to whom the NF appeals; it leaves open the chance – however apparently remote – that such men might somehow achieve power on the basis of a mass movement. Such an argument is open to the objection that it involves all sorts of constitutional complications and inconsistencies.

We think there is a further and stronger argument for proscription. The future, or at least the immediate future, of the NF after the general election setback is likely to be attempted local consolidation in areas of its relative strength. The NF themselves say their aim is to get 'local units to take a much more sustained interest in local affairs with a view to local government elections'. Despite the setback that the NF may have received in the country as a whole, a movement that has an organisational tradition in a locality going back several years and that can also attract even 5 or 6 per cent of electoral support is still a local force, especially when one remembers that much of its activist support may be too young to have voted. In parts of Hackney, Newham and Tower Hamlets and (to a lesser extent) south of the River Thames in parts of Lewisham and Southwark, the NF still managed this sort of result.

Our own survey in the nine areas of relative NF strength shows that the potential support for the NF is much greater than this. We used the same definitions for 'supporters' and 'sympathisers' as in the tables opposite and found that almost half the white voters in the 18 to 21 year old age range could be classed as supporters or sympathisers of the NF. Support in this age range was substantial in all social classes. But support was not just confined to the young: there was significant support in the age ranges between 35 and 65: in some social classes the total potential support reaching or exceeding 50 per cent. Overall, the sympathisers covered all social groups with only a slight bias in favour of the semi-skilled and unskilled. Unsurprisingly, sympathisers of the party which preaches a return to manhood are disproportionately male.

Looking at the backgrounds of our pro-NF respondents certain characteristics stand out. The greatest immunising effect seems to be in a background which includes Liberalism and Protestant non-conformism. Families in which the father supported either the Conservative or Labour party are likely to be fertile breeding grounds for potential NF support.

THE ORGANISATIONAL PRESENCE of the NF in such localities is likely to lead to continuing vigilantist harassment against isolated black groups within or close to these areas, even if – as the NF itself often piously claims – NF members themselves may not always be the actual culprits. It can be argued that a movement whose doctrines and mere existence can only encourage racist attacks does have a questionable right to continue in being. Proscription would not remove or even reduce racist attitudes in the public at large and the general problem of racism would remain to be tackled in other ways. But the case for a centrally directed and enforced proscription rather than *ad hoc* reliance on existing legislation is strengthened, for example, by the accumulating evidence of the equivocal manner in which many police forces handle complaints from Asians about assaults on them by whites. A blanket proscription would be more successful than relying on numerous prosecutions for locally committed depredations.

Actual proscription would not be possible within the scope of existing relevant legislation. The Public Order Act 1936, dissatisfaction with whose present provisions has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expressed in muted form by various politicians during the election campaign, prohibits 'quasi-military organisations'. The Race Relations Act 1976 amends the Public Order Act to include the prosecution of individuals for incitement to racial hatred. However, the law does not cover the proscription of an *organisation* whose existence, it may be argued, incites overt acts of racial hatred that threaten the livelihood and well-being of certain racial groups. Section Two of the 1936 Act does, however, represent a model for proscribing an actual organisation by the prosecution of its individual members.

In the post-war era in Western Europe the proscription of movements with other than overtly terrorist characteristics has been a story of chequered effectiveness. For example, in June 1973 the French government banned the Ordre Nouveau because it had been responsible for dozens of outbreaks of paramilitary violence in the previous six months and its neo-Nazi credentials were attested to by the links that it held with similarly orientated foreign groups. This, however, may have been a display of intended even-handedness since the French government's real target was undoubtedly the Trotskyist Ligue Communiste banned at the same time. Both groups were banned using a 1936 law against 'combat squads and private militias' that had been originally intended primarily against fascist organisations. However, large sections of the membership of the Ordre Nouveau thereupon flowed into the anti-migrant worker Front National of Jean-Marie Le Pen and thence, after an internal disagreement, into the far-right Parti des Forces Nouvelles (PFN). As the French member of the Euro-Right movement founded in February 1978, the PFN has organised several meetings and rallies in France for its Italian and Spanish partners in the movement and, although there has been local left-wing opposition, the French government has resisted calls to ban these events.

However, the case of the Nederlandse Volksunie (NVU) offers a better and more hopeful model. This Dutch movement is equivalent to the NF in several ways, both in its hostility to migrant and former-colonial workers in the Netherlands and in the type of support that it has attracted from some whites in older, run-down sections of cities like Rotterdam and The Hague. The party was founded in March 1971, it fought municipal elections in 1974 and fought seats in the Second Chamber of the States General, the Dutch parliament's lower house, in elections in May 1977. It won only 0.4 per cent of votes cast in the whole country and failed to achieve the minimum (0.67 per cent) needed to win at least one seat in the Second Chamber.

THE NVU has been militantly anti-immigrant, opposed to the groups from Dutch colonial possessions who have settled in the country since the last war and also to what it described as 'so-called guest workers', these being mainly Turkish, Moroccan and Spanish. The major point of the party's 1977 election programme demanded 'the immediate repatriation of those from Surinam and the Antilles to their countries of origin' and 'the expulsion of so-called guest workers inside a period of three years'. The party's leadership sometimes expounded on this theme in a style that one suspects even the British NF leaders would be embarrassed to use, at least for public pur-

The broad appeal of National Front policies

No of cases in each category	NF supporters (220)	NF sympathisers (167)	Tories (266)	Labour (406	Liberals (40)	Total sample (1,183)
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Think that the death penalty is sometimes justified	86	79	86	81	93	83
Agree strongly or tend to agree that tough sentences would deter people from breaking the law	83	79	81	76	73	78
Agree strongly or tend to agree that trade unions have too much power in Britain	87	79	90	70	93	80
Disagree strongly or tend to disagree that Britain was right to enter the Common Market	75	67	61	65	79	67
Think that people should buy British goods in preference to goods from abroad	52	53	53	56	58	53
Think that coloured immigrants should be sent back to their home country whether or not they want to go back	36	21	21	20	15	24

The percentages in these table have usually been calculated on slightly less than the total number in the respective category: 'Don't know's' and the occasional case with missing data have not been included; and the questions in the table below were not asked of the small minority of the sample who said that they had not heard of the National Front.

These data are from a survey conducted in July and early August 1978 by MORI and NOP among the white electorates of the following parliamentary constituencies: Deptford, Edmonton, and Hackney South and Shoreditch (all in London); and Blackburn, Bradford North, Eton and Slough, Leicester East, Molton (Leicestershire), and Wolverhampton South East. Those areas were chosen to provide as broad a coverage as possible of those locations where the National Front has been relatively strong. Although not a national sample, it may be regarded as reasonably representative of the white electorates of many of the inner-city areas of urban England. The Social Science Research Council provided the funding for this research.

The categories have been defined as follows:
NF SUPPORTERS are those who said on a general-election vote-intention question that they would vote for or were most inclined to vote for the NF, or they thought they might vote for the NF in the future, or they would 'mark' the NF nine or ten out of ten on a rating scale, or they agreed strongly with one of more of three pro-NF statements.

NF SYMPATHISERS are those who said that they would mark the NF between six and eight inclusive out ot ten on the rating scale, or they tended to agree with one or more of the three pro-NF statements.

TORIES, LABOUR and LIBERALS were those who fell into neither of these two categories of the pro-NF propensity and who mentioned these respective parties on the general-election vote-intention questions. A further grouping who responded 'Communist', 'other', or 'would not vote' on the vote-intention question, or 'would not vote' or 'undecided' on the vote-inclination question have not been shown separately, although they are included in the figures for the total sample.

Why the NF doesn't grow

No of cases in each category	NF supporters	NF sympathisers	Tories	Labour	Liberals	Total sample
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Agree strongly or tend to agree that the National Front has a Nazi side to it	47	73	86	90	84	78
Agree strongly or tend to agree that the National Front wants dictatorship, not a democracy	49	69	84	86	81	76

No of cases in each category	NF supporters	NF sympathisers	Tories	Labour	Liberals	Total sample
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Think that marches organised by the National Front should be banned	23	50	69	74	72	60
Think that the National Front stir up racial hatred	31	53	68	67	68	57
Think that it would be risky to vote for the National Front	24	38	48	50	46	43
Think that the National Front are trouble-makers	19	32	53	59	57	45
Think that the National Front should be banned	14	25	47	52	49	39

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poses. In 1977 the party's deputy leader spoke of 'the cleansing of our land from foreign elements and cultures' and went on: 'Let our Dutch people live, let our Germanic blood live, and our beloved soil of Greater Holland' (a concept that for the NVU incorporates both Flanders in Belgium and the Republic of South Africa, as well as the Netherlands themselves). The NVU also holds other classic concerns of the extreme right. It has an obsessional fear of communism or of anything with a left taint. It has castigated the laxity of the Government in dealing with all sorts of infractions, such as drug use, abortion, prostitution and especially the spread of crimes of violence. Its leader, Joop Glimmerveen, has not explicitly rejected the fascist label for himself and his movement but prefers to be regarded as 'populist and nationalist (volksnationalistisch)'.

Glimmerveen has been convicted several times for remarks judged to be racially discriminating and insulting. He and seven of his followers were also convicted in 1977 as a result of incidents in which they incited violence against Turkish foreign workers in a suburb of Rotterdam, in the previous year. The call for the party's proscription had been made initially by Radical Party MPs in 1974 and was taken up by Labour Party MPs in 1977. The Dutch Penal Code, like the Race Relations Act, prohibits only individual expressions of racism; it does not concern itself with racist organisations. However, Article 15 Book 102 of the Civil Code covers the prohibition of a corporate body if 'its purpose or activities violate the public order or good morals'. Hitherto, this article had not been used, but the Public Prosecutor, apparently acting on the request of the Minister of Justice, argued before a court in Amsterdam that the NVU was covered by the terms of this article: the court agreed and the NVU was thereupon proscribed. The judgment held that

> the activities and public appearances of the NVU seem to have bordered on the criminal and are of a potentially dangerous nature and it cannot therefore be denied that it violates the generally accepted demands of public order and morals.

As a consequence of this judgement the NVU was excluded from provincial elections in April 1978 and from municipal elections a month later, though it has not been excluded from elections for the European Parliament.

The proscription precipitated a debate in the Netherlands about its desirability. On the one hand, it was argued that such a move would drive the party's activities underground where they would be less visible and potentially more dangerous, but the contrary position argued the need for proscription to demonstrate to those who were targets of NVU activities and propaganda the moral character of the Dutch state.

The Netherlands may therefore offer one model of how – if only the political will were there – one might amend the Public Order Act so that it could be used to ban organisations whose purpose is explicitly racist. This would be a more constructive form of amendment to the Act than the introduction of stronger restrictions on Anti-NF demonstrators, which is what most of those who have so far spoken about the need for amendment seem to have in mind. In the more immediate term, however, a more locally based policy of harassment – the prevention of the hiring of halls, for example – seems the likely limit of any interruption of the Front's activities.

ECONOMIC MONITOR

Edited by David Blackaby

This is the first *New Statesman* Economic Monitor in which we hope to track some of the important, interesting and useful articles which appear in economic journals. To start with Economic Monitor will appear in the second issue in each month and the next one will be on 8 June 1979.

UK Visible Trade and the Common Market/A. E. Daly. In the light of Britain's entry into Europe, Daly attempts to test the proposition that membership of a customs union encourages trade between member states. Seeing membership as going beyond a balance sheet of imports and exports, he draws attention away from the substantial trade deficit, which he sees as independent of EEC membership, to market shares. By fitting a time trend to UK exports and imports for the period 1963 to 1971 he examines past entry performance relative to trend for ten commodity groups.

His results suggest that UK exports in all commodity groups have gained a larger volume of the EEC market than forecast; in other trade areas exports in general have been below trend. With even greater success this behaviour has been repeated for EEC exports to the UK except for transport equipment where, it seems, the EEC has been unable to take advantage of lower tariffs because Japanese competition has been even sharper. During a time of depression Daly notes that the UK has been able to take a larger slice of the EEC market which is of special importance given the EEC's recent protectionist measures towards the steel and textiles industries. *National Institute Ecomomic Review, December, 1978, pp. 42–54.*

School and Income Distribution: Evidence from International Data/C. R. Winegarden. Commenting on the ambiguous and controversial nature of the earlier literature dealing with the effect of education on income distribution, Winegarden seeks answers on two questions. What is the impact of increasing the amount of education all individuals receive on the disparity between rich and poor; and what is the effect of inequality in individuals' educational attainment on the relative sizes of different income groups? Using evidence from thirty-two developed and developing countries, which contain some potential for error, Winegarden provides further support for the proposition that higher average levels of education lead to further equality in incomes, while variability in educational attainment leads to greater income inequality than previous evidence indicated. Other routes available for countries to increase income equality are a slowing down of population growth and increased individual income for developed countries, though this increase would lead to greater income disparities for developing countries.

From the conclusiveness of his results Winegarden advocates that increased social investment in schooling, with wide availability to all individuals, should be followed as a means of reducing income inequalities. *Economica. February, 1979. Vol. 46.*

The Effect of Unemployment and Related Benefits on the Duration of Unemployment/S. J. Nickell. Do unemployment benefits affect the level of unemployment? Nickell sees two possible ways in which increased benefits may increase unemployment. First, individuals may become more willing to give up their jobs and thereby enter unemployment voluntarily. Or, alternatively, the benefits may increase the duration of unemployment by enabling individuals more time to search for suitable jobs. Of these, he dismisses the former for lack of evidence and concentrates exclusively on the latter in his empirical work.

In contrast to earlier analysts he sees the duration of unemployment as a random variable and finds it more sensible to explain the probability of leaving unemployment in any period, a significant determinant of which is the benefits to income ratio. His results suggest that only 14 per cent of the increase in unemployment between 1964-5 and 1973 can be attributed to increased benefits. However, because the benefit/income ratio (i.e. under 50,000 people) has not risen since 1973 more recent unemployment must be attributable to factors other than benefits. Moreover, although he finds a positive relationship between benefit/income ratios and short spells of unemployment this does not extend to those of the unemployed of over six months. He therefore concludes, 'that there would be negligible efficiency losses from increasing their benefits and such arguments can no longer be used for not doing so'. *The Economic Journal. March, 1979, Vol. 89, pp. 34–49.*

Labour As Risk-Bearer/E. Jonssan Joint decision-making and profit sharing employees are usually appealed to on grounds of equity and redistribution of income. To these, Jonssan adds the dimension of risk-bearing involved in the employee's contract; risk bearing is performed not only by owners of capital but also by employees. Through damage to health, company closure, industrial injury, etc, labour is also a risk taking factor of production. Though Jonssan finds no evidence of high risk industries providing compensation for labour's risk through higher wages and special allowances. Thus labour, like capital, could be compensated for their risk-bearing by being guaranteed a share of the expected profit divided in proportion to their risk-bearing. If employees are not profit sharers their position as non-compensated risk-takers increases their argument for joint control so as to be in a position to reduce to a minimum non-compensated risks. Especially since, unlike capital, employees do not have the possibility of spreading risk by diversification.

Joint decision-making, concludes Jonssan, could still have a role even in a social insurance system which provided full compensation.

Cambride Journal of Economics, December 1978, Vol. 2, pp. 373-380.

Are The Lags In The Effects of Monetary Policy Variable?/J. E. Tanner. The role of discretionary monetary policy in the government's armament of stabilisation tools has long been debated. This paper seeks further evidence on the variability of the lag between monetary changes and the resulting change in economic activity. Utilising data from the United States, Tanner finds evidence of substantial variability in the length of lag experienced in operating monetary policy. Lags have undergone secular increases, and are lengthened in both recessions and periods of strict monetary control. Indeed, during recessions, the lags in monetary policy were frequently so large as to suggest monetary policy was impotent.

Tanner draws strong policy implications from his results, casting considerable doubt upon the usefulness of discretionary monetary policy. Since tight monetary policies act with a substantially longer lag than either neutral or loose policies, authorities may inadvertently exert greater monetary restraint than required. As a result, policies originally designed to curb a boom may in fact, create a slump. Moreover, in the recession, the lag lengthens and monetary policy can no longer be relied upon to stimulate the economy. Tanner concludes that based upon our current knowledge about lags, little support is found for discretionary monetary policy as an instrument of general economic control. *Journal of Monetary Economics. January, 1979, (1) pp.105–121.*
(Robin Bladen – Hovell).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PSYCHOLOGY

CIA funds research by Eysenck

Duncan Campbell writes: Recently released files of the US Central Intelligence Agency have revealed British involvement in their massive 'mind control' programme, aimed at erasing, reviving, or reprogramming the human mind. One of the most definite links to emerge so far is evidence that research by Professor Hans Eysenck, of the London University Institute of Psychiatry, was part of the covertly funded CIA investigation codenamed MKULTRA. Eysenck received $27,000 during the early 1960s for a project he and others at the Institute carried out into the 'measurement of motivation'. The result were intended for use in the long term research into the loyalty of CIA agents, and to find reliable means of reconditioning, or 'brainwashing'. His name was also used to bolster the prestige of the CIA front organisation supplying the research finance, the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology.

Eysenck acknowledges carrying out and directing the research described in the reports contained in the CIA's file on MKULTRA-Subproject 111. He denies any knowledge that the CIA were secretly supplying the funds; a contention apparently borne out by the CIA chief responsible, who noted on a memorandum that 'no cleared or witting persons are concerned . . . with the project'. The file on MKULTRA-Subproject 111 was obtained under the US Freedom of Information Act by a Church of Scientology sponsored organisation, the American Citizens for Honesty in Government. Themselves under attack in the United States for the use of unusual psychological techniques, they have been campaigning to expose the US government's outlandish activities in MKULTRA and other secret projects.

Eysenck told NEW STATESMAN last week that his research project was solicited by the Society, who expressed interest in his line of research. In a letter on the CIA's file, he then submitted an application for funds in November 1959. CIA scientists reviewed his proposal and recommended funding. The Chief of the CIA's Chemical Branch, responsible for psychology research as well as drugs and poisons, noted that '(Eysenck) is one of the most skilful and productive psychologists on the international scene today and a grant to him would add to the prestige of the (Society). This project will also be in accordance with the plan of developing (the Society) as a worldwide organisation.' (Names of persons and organisations are left blank on released information, but can in this case be deduced from public records.)

The experiments were carried out mainly on Ford and other industrial apprentices between 1960 and 1962. Eysenck's team measured how well the apprentices learnt and carried out a simple task depending on whether they believed that their performance was important to success in their jobs. A number of academic papers and a book were produced, which admirably suited the covert purposes of MKULTRA-Subproject 111. One of the CIA's intentions was to 'stimulate additional research in the field', thus channelling western psychological research in directions useful to them.

The released CIA file indicates the dates and methods by which the funds were channelled through the Society to the London Institute of Psychiatry. Expenditure on the project totalled $27,360. Other items in the same MKULTRA file indicate that this was no benign programme of long term research. Subproject 110, for example, was concerned with 'effective delivery systems' for 'exotic pathogens'; in otherwords, killing or incapacitation through deliberate infecting with unusual diseases, such as the way in which BBC broadcaster Georgei Markov was recently murdered.

The Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology was established in 1958 and was closed in 1965, after a change of name, when major projects were transferred to another 'front'. The Society's ostensible directors included a number of American academics; its research programmes were however, highly unusual, with much of the money being directed towards mind control techniques, including the sensory deprivation torture later used by British Army intelligence officers in Ulster.

As the post-Watergate investigations of the CIA have gradually drawn out the details of MKULTRA, so it has become clear that British and Canadian secret involvement in the 'mind control' projects has been substantial. The apparently unwitting involvement of prominent psychologists like Professor Eysenck is perhaps only the least unacceptable of the joint British-CIA activities.

NO NAILING! NO MESSY GLUES! HARMLESS TO PETS!

ENHANCE YOUR HOME AND SAVE £££s WITH THE PUNCH DO-IT-YOURSELF SPECIAL

Lavishly-illustrated instructions in clear, easy-to-read words take you step-by-step into the Making of D-I-Y from The Coming Of Tools, through The Great Rift and Hundred Years Patio to The Age Of Making Good and Period of Enhancement . . .
. . . Amuse Your Friends with 1001 jobs around the home from caulking a kitchen to insulating your stairs to extending your car, PLUS First Aid chart for treating Flat Finger, Pincered Toe, Paste Rash, Chamferer's Cramp etc., etc. . . .

WHY SPEND £££s WHEN PUNCH D-I-Y SPECIAL, READY-MIXED FOR INSTANT READING, IS ON SALE NOW FOR JUST 25p?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIPLOMACY
Mary Holland

The Tories inherit a fresh American initiative in Northern Ireland

Kennedy's new Irish policy

IN 1919 A WEARY Viscount Grey, lately arrived in Washington as ambassador, cabled the Foreign Office: 'One comes on the Irish difficulty everywhere. It poisons the atmosphere.' Then, as now, British politicians at their wits' end about the Irish problem experienced some exasperation at American attitudes to and involvement in what they perceived as a purely local difficulty.

Given the tangled history of that involvement it was not perhaps surprising that Mrs Shirley Williams, to name but one, should have reacted to the latest intervention, by the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, Tip O'Neill, with some impatient sneers about the ignorance of emigrant attitudes dating from the 19th and early 20th centuries. Unsurprising, but foolish. For if the American card is once again back in Anglo-Irish politics, and there seems little doubt that it is, then it would be as well for British politicians to understand the present nature of that card and to fashion their reactions accordingly.

On his brief trip to Northern Ireland, Mr O'Neill spoke to an audience of local dignitaries in Derry about his local family connections. But he was at some pains to make it clear that he was there not as a returned emigrant looking for his roots but as a senior American politician, important enough to warrant the escort of a Presidential jet on his journey. He was even more careful to stress the political calibre of the five congressmen who accompanied him on his journey 'men highly respected in the legislature of my country'. Since their presence went ignored by the British Press it may be worth mentioning that they included the Chairman of the Democratic Caucus in the House of Representatives, the Chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee on Energy responsible for piloting President Carter's policy through the lower house of Congress, and two senior Republicans, both members of the Appropriations Committee.

It was the presence of these men, almost as much as that of O'Neill himself, which demonstrated what British politicians (with the possible exception of Jim Callaghan) have not yet begun to grasp, that the kind of political interest in Ireland which now exists in America is a long way away from the traditional image of Democratic party bosses hustling the Irish vote with emotional appeals about the ould country.

That strand still exists, importantly, in Democratic Party politics. There are 20 million Americans of Irish descent, although only a very few of these have links with Ireland that go beyond green beer and rebel ballads on St Patrick's Day. But the very few who do care enough about Northern Ireland to get politically involved and to campaign about it are for the most part vehemently and vociferously Irish Republican in their views. They are active in the Democratic Party, the trades unions and in more overtly Irish organisations. They collect most of the funds that go, in one form or another, to the Provisional IRA, and most sympathy on such issues as the H Block prisoners. The temptation not to tangle with them is, for any Democratic politician, considerable. Originally, Speaker O'Neill was almost certainly close to this traditional cast of mind. He admits to being a gut nationalist who would like to see Irish unity. But he is also a shrewd and pragmatic politician, who has made it his business to become well briefed on the tormented complexities of Ulster politics. On his trip to Northern Ireland he visited Belfast for talks with Protestant leaders like the Reverend Ian Paisley and Harry West, and afterwards said how impressed he was by Paisley's sincerity, rather more, it seems, than by that of Jim Callaghan. In recent years he has been notable not simply for his consistent condemnation of the Provisional IRA, but for blocking their propaganda efforts in the United States. In October 1977 he intervened to quash the idea of Congressional hearings on 'British outrages' in Northern Ireland because he thought they would be counter-productive, and has stuck to his guns on this since.

Clockwise starting top left: Pat Moynihan, Edward Kennedy, Hugh Carey, Tip O'Neill.

Camera Press

WHAT HAS BEEN emerging in the past few years in the United States – and Speaker O'Neill typifies it – is something much more sophisticated than the traditional strand of Irish American republicanism to which Mrs Williams refers and which has run through American politics ever since the IRA made its first public appearance in 1866 with an attack on Canada mounted from American soil.

In the past the appeal of even the most charismatic Irish politicians, like De Valera, has been tribal, and since most mainline American politicians have always regarded Britain as their oldest ally, they have failed to breach the real citadels of power. This time around the strategy is aimed at doing just that, at mobilising a broad front of American politicians who are not merely sympathetic to Northern Ireland's problems, but who wield sufficient political muscle to use the hard realities of Anglo American relations, particularly the economic realities, to influence the British government. This process has its roots in the close alliance formed between John Hume, always the shrewdest of Northern Ireland's Catholic leaders, and Senator Edward Kennedy. The two men met, at Kennedy's invitation, in 1972 and maintained contact in the years that followed. The present strategy was forged during late 1976 when it was becoming clear that British policy had reached an *impasse* and Hume had gone off to take up a fellowship at Harvard, virtually in Kennedy's back yard.

Even prior to 1972, Kennedy had never been backward about commenting on Northern Ireland, particularly after internment in 1971 and again in 1972 after Bloody Sunday, which happened to coincide with a period when he himself was actively involved in protesting about the killings that occurred at Kent State University during an anti-Vietnam war protest. But though he drew fashionable comparisons between Ulster and Vietnam his comments were at that time of a fairly standard 'Brit bashing' variety. Later he was impressed by Whitelaw and by the Conservatives' apparent determination to do something positive about 'Irish difficulty'. He kept a low profile during the agonised ineffectualness of the Rees administration and was even prepared, when I interviewed him in 1977, to give Roy Mason a limited benefit of the doubt and continue to muster powerful Irish American opinion behind a moderate line. In March of that year he and three other leading Democratic politicians issued a joint statement on St Patrick's Day unequivocally condemning the Provisional IRA, and urging their fellow Irish Americans not to support them. This was a radical break with traditional attitudes and as such, quite properly, welcomed by the British Government. At the time, Kennedy and the others saw its main importance as reaching out to Ulster's Protestants, an attempt to begin to persuade them that the Irish American community was not bent on their destruction.

But the four Democratic politicians wanted something more positive than a simple condemnation of the IRA. It was at this stage that O'Neill, who was crucially important to an already beleaguered President Carter, came to the fore. He asked for a meeting between his group and the new Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, to discuss Northern Ireland. The response was scarcely encouraging. A State Department official asked why they wanted the meeting. The Secretary of State, he added, is a busy man. O'Neill's reply was terse: 'Because he has to ask me why, that's why'.

WHAT THE Irish American group asked for, at a meeting with Vance on 9 June 1977, was a statement from President Carter which would link a promise of substantial US aid to Northern Ireland with an acceptable political solution. Vance agreed. Quite apart from the corporate political weight of those involved, such a gesture fitted nicely with President Carter's espousal of a new 'moral' American foreign policy. From the point of view of Kennedy *et al* the statement had the advantage that it would come from a Bible belt Protestant whom not even Paisley could suspect of being in league with the IRA or the Church of Rome. It was decided that a draft statement would be sent to the British and Irish governments. A figure of 100 million dollars in US aid to Northern Ireland was mentioned as an immediate carrot. This presented no problem: 'Congress votes that amount any day of the week to countries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobody has even heard of' a Kennedy aide told me cheerfully afterwards.

The Foreign Office however was not so easily persuaded. The suggestion of the Presidential statement was, it said, an infringement of British sovereignty. Later, and in detail, the British objected to any offer of foreign aid which might seem to have strings attached, and to a formal recognition of the Irish government's interest in any political solution in the North. The situation had reached stalemate when Peter Jay arrived in Washington as ambassador in the summer of 1977. His attitudes were less governed by protocol, more pragmatic, He saw it as a question of internal Democratic politics. Kennedy and the others had gone out on a limb with their constituents by their St. Patrick's Day statement and deserved a favour in return. In fact, this was a somewhat oversimplified reading, as later events have proved. Neither O'Neill nor Kennedy, the two politicians most involved, need to woo the Irish American vote in Massachussets. They have it anyway, and Kennedy at least has run far greater risks of losing it by the stands he has taken over such issues as abortion and bussing.

In August 1977 the statement was finally made through the Presidential Press Officer. The 100 million dollars in aid was omitted and the reference to the Irish government considerably watered down. To most observers on this side of the Atlantic it seemed so anodyne as to be virtually meaningless. But to Kennedy and the others it represented a major breakthrough. As they saw it – and it is clear the Foreign Office feared that this is exactly how they would see it – it meant that from then on Northern Ireland was publicly established as a legitimate subject for concern and action in American foreign policy. The President's statement had ensured that it was no longer to be regarded as an exclusively British domestic issue.

That perception, that the United States now has an official interest in what happens in Northern Ireland, has been the key to the speeches made and the actions taken on the issue by Kennedy and O'Neill ever since. Kennedy has probably been more active in pursuing this line than the other three. But they too have become increasingly impatient of the fact that while they have gone on doing what the British government is always asking for (appealing to Irish Americans to disown the IRA, thus depriving the Provos of their propaganda trump card), there is still no sign of political advance in Northern Ireland. Neither are they exactly cock-a-hoop that while they are being accused of accommodating the British, the Irish cause seems to many Irish Americans to have been taken over by rival politicians like Senator McGovern and Congressman Mario Biaggi, who are not only vehemently critical of British policy but seem able to attract support from Protestants, like the Ulster Defence Association.

Last December, in an attempt to rectify this situation, Senator Moynihan had a meeting with Roy Mason and David Owen. Afterwards, Moynihan was reported as saying 'I came away absolutely dazed. He (Mason) had no intention of doing anything about Northern Ireland except keeping the British there. The question of Northern Ireland never even came up at conferences of the two leading politicial parties. There is no political will to settle.' By early this year the corporate tone of the four politicians had changed dramatically. On 17 March, the St. Patrick's Day statement issued by Kennedy and the others was much tougher, pinning the blame for the continuing stalemate on British inertia and accusing the British Government of 'violating the spirit of its recent pledge to the European Court of Human Rights'.

TIP O'NEILL'S visit to Ireland last month seems to reinforce this much more critical line, though here it should be said that his remarks about Northern Ireland being used as a political football appear to have stemmed from his meeting with Jim Callaghan during the election campaign. A source close to O'Neill told me that Callaghan had admitted to the Speaker (presumably as one seasoned wheeler dealer to another) that he had done a deal with the Ulster Unionist bloc at Westminster to keep his government in power without referring it to the Parliamentary Labour Party, and that this had shocked the other visiting congressmen sufficiently for O'Neill to refer to it obliquely in his Dublin speech. Since then Governor Hugh Carey of New York has entered the lists with the demand that economic sanctions be used against Britain over its policies in Northern Ireland.

It is perhaps important to mention here that all this is not part of some Irish government plot. On the contrary, Mr. Lynch probably finds the prospect of real American pressure on the Northern Issue almost as alarming as any British politician is likely to. Irish embassy officials in Washington to whom I have spoken in the past have told me that their difficulty lies not in pressuring Kennedy and the others to speak or intervene on the North but to restrain them from doing so. For the moment there is no question of a peace initiative by President Carter nor even of a Presidential visit to Ireland. On the other hand the New Northern Ireland Secretary might be wise to pin the following piece of information above his desk. Last month the journal *US News and Report* conducted an opinion poll among 1,439 American 'decision makers' to find out 'Who runs America'. To the question 'Who is the most powerful citizen in the United States?' they replied: 1. President Carter 2. Senator Edward Kennedy and 3. Tip O'Neill. Two of these men are now bitterly critical of British government policy in Northern Ireland and may reasonably be supposed to carry some influence with the third. The impact this will have on the incoming Tory government has yet to be seen; but Humphrey Atkins's honeymoon will be short.

AMERICA
Carey McWilliams

The US may trade migrant jobs for oil and gas

Mexico's needy neighbour

IN THE LAST two years relations between the United States and Mexico have undergone a decisive change. President Jose Lopez Portillo was treated with a cool indifference when he paid his first official visit to Washington. Only about a third of its members were present when he addressed a joint session of the Congress. His security guards were treated with a discourtesy that still rankles. Worse: in the last hours of the Ford Administration, Congress cut Mexico's immigration quota from 40,000 to 20,000 by voice vote on an amendment, without notice or a formal hearing of any kind. Predictably the effect was to give a sharp impetus to illegal immigration at a time when both countries professed concern about the growing volume of such traffic. Then in 1977 when officials of Pemex, the nationally-owned oil cartel, came to Washington with offers to sell gas, James R. Schlesinger, the incredibly inept head of the mismanaged Department of Energy, treated them as impertinent mendicants.

But all that has changed. When President Carter journeyed to Mexico City in February, he went hat in hand, speaking Spanish softly, and carrying not a big stick but an olive branch. However he did not succeed too well in soothing ruffled feelings; a vulgar reference to 'Montezuma's revenge' at a formal party caused even his wife to wince. Coming in the wake of Pope John Paul II's triumphant tour, Carter's visit drew only meagre applause but it did mark the beginning of a change of historic significance in relations between the two countries. Two words explain the shift in attitude: oil and migrants.

The United States has stubbornly and consistently failed to recognize that Mexican immigration is quite unlike the familiar trans-Atlantic pattern. Mexicans have never been 'immigrants' in the traditional sense. At the time of the Mexican-American War, some 80,000 Spanish-speaking lived in four isolated clusters of settlement in the Southwest – some of which pre-dated the adoption of the Constitution. The war was, of course, one of brutal conquest: Mexico was forced to cede more than half of its land territory, leaving a heritage of ill will, which has not entirely disappeared to this day. Spanish-speaking residents were given the option of returning to Mexico and many might have done so but for the discovery of gold in California a few days after the treaty was signed. The border defined by the treaty – an additional grant of territory (including some valuable copper properties) came with the Gadsen Purchase – was wholly arbitrary. There were no natural barriers. The Rio Grande, which is not difficult to ford in certain seasons, marked the border from El Paso to the Gulf. But in an arid environment a river draws settlers to its banks. From Brownsville to San Diego the border towns and cities are linked like twin-beads on a necklace, often sharing a common telephone service, their economies interdependent, with populations that have intermingled for years. Today border crossings are estimated at 157 million annually.

To say that this border, one of the longest in the world (nearly 2,000 miles) is like 'a porous membrane' is gross understatement. It has never been and it will never be strictly enforced; today it leaks like a sieve. The US Border Patrol was not established until 1924. Only 27 miles of the border are fenced and the fence is a joke. Historically migrants have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always moved 'North from Mexico' in quest of jobs, drawn first by the discovery of gold, later by railroad construction, mining, the sheep and cattle industries, and still later by cotton and irrigated truck or produce farming. They have travelled along ancient trails, within the mantle of a familiar environment, and have sought aid and residence in Spanish-speaking barrios in towns and cities which retain place names given them by the Spanish colonizers. The Mexican Revolution of 1910 gave a sharp impetus to the migration as did World Wars I and II, and, later, the Korean and Vietnam involvements; also the sharp reduction of European immigration that occurred after 1924 was a factor. Many migrants who came and stayed saw no reason to apply for citizenship; some had crossed the border illegally, others thought they might eventually return. In fact many did return or were 'repatriated' by welfare authorities when the economic cycle took a downturn. A cynical business: migrants were drawn to the Southwest when needed and then sent back or encouraged to return when the need abated.

Camera Press

A common scene on the US-Mexico border: officers of the US border patrol search Mexicans caught trying to migrate north illegally. Will Mexico's new-found wealth in oil and gas force the US government to change its attitude towards its southern neighbours?

THE NUMBER of Spanish-speaking in the United States is not known but the total is large and steadily increasing. Hispanics are the largest minority in the Southwestern states and will soon be the largest nationally. At the moment, a fair guess would be 26,000,000, bearing in mind that the total varies constantly. The total includes a large native-born Mexican-American element concentrated in the Southwest and perhaps 8,000,000 illegals; no one knows how many. Residents with Spanish surnames constitute 20 per cent of the population in California (35 per cent of the students in the public schools of Los Angeles); 40 per cent in New Mexico; and 20 per cent in Texas (half of the population in San Antonio). Also included is an East Coast contingent, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, Dominicans, Colombians, Peruvians of uncertain dimensions: perhaps 1.5 million in the New York City area, 400,000 in Newark, sizable numbers in Connecticut, 15,000 in Lancaster, Pennsylvania – of all places; it was once an Amish town – and 500,000 in Miami most of whom are Cubans. Surprisingly Hispanics outnumber blacks in Minneapolis-St. Paul, with large colonies in Denver, Seattle, Kansas City (50,000, mostly illegals), and Chicago which has a startling total of 700,000 (mostly Puerto Ricans). The national total also includes, along the border, a large number, perhaps 50,000 who hold regular commuter work-permit cards. This number is also uncertain; counterfeit work-permit cards are legion. The Hispanic population is young and birth rates are high; today most are urban residents, although there are still many migrant farm workers.

As a warning, it should be noted that Immigration and Naturalisation Service (INS) figures are notoriously inaccurate and often deliberately misleading. For example, in 1976 INS reported 875,915 'apprehensions' or 'deportations' of illegal aliens, 90 per cent of whom were Mexicans. But many of these were picked up near the border soon after crossing, others left voluntarily, and the same individuals may have been counted not once but many times since no sooner are illegals deported than they seek to return and generally succeed. Not long ago INS contracted for a $1 million study of illegals, based allegedly on 800,000 interviews, but it has yet to be released.

Not merely is the border unpoliceable – given its length, history, and the nature of the terrain – but extraordinarily potent 'push' and 'pull' factors are involved. Today Mexico has a population of 62 million and is expected to top 125 million by the year 2,000. In fact it is the most populous Spanish-speaking country in the world and the second largest in Latin America if Brazil is included. With population expanding at a rapid clip, Mexico has not been able to create job opportunities in anywhere near the volume needed (estimated at between 600,000 and 800,000 a year); today it has an unemployment rate of 25 per cent. With annual average earnings in 1974 of $1,357 by comparison with $5,834 in the United States, a migrant can make $16 on the US side of the border but is lucky to make $4 a day if he stays in Mexico. In 1950 Mexico City had a population of 3.1 million; today it has 13 million residents, 4 million of whom live in huts without adequate health facilities. In such a setting, population has inexorably shifted northward to the border cities and towns. The six northern Mexican border states are expected to have a population of 14 million by 1980, up 5.5 million from 1960. In nearly each instance, the Mexican twin city is today much larger than its American sister city. El Paso has an estimated 400,000 residents; its twin city Juarez 1.2 million. Calexico has 10,625 residents, Mexicali 440,000! Migrants move north to the border cities for obvious reasons: they desperately need work and hope eventually to cross the border; there are, in the meantime, better job opportunities there than in the rural areas from which they come, and modern highways facilitate the movement.

Beginning around 1965, American-owned companies began to construct (with the encouragement of both countries) assembly plants on the Mexican side of the border: textiles, electronic parts, toys etc. Most of the workers are young women, 17 to 34 years of age, who are lucky to make $1 an hour or less. Productivity is high; absenteeism is low. Labour costs are less than in similar plants in South Korea and Taiwan. Basic supplies are imported from the States and duty is paid only on the value added to the assembled product. Moreover a large part of the payrolls, estimated to run as high as 30 to 60 per cent, is spent in the American twin city. There are today perhaps 400 of these twin plants or 'Maquiladoras', as they are called. Also a Mexican woman can earn $20 a week as a domestic in, say, El Paso, whose Anglo residents are happy to keep 'slums' on the Mexican side of the border.

THE 'PULL' FACTORS in the migration equation vary in intensity but, historically, have been equally potent. On the American side, Mexicans, native-born and illegals alike, are employed in low-paying unskilled jobs, as domestics, in the service trades, in construction, as dishwashers, busboys, and the like, and, of course, as farm workers. The rapid growth of the Sun Belt states owes a great deal to the availability of Mexican labour. Illegals pay social security and income taxes but are ineligible for welfare. Invariably when the job market slackens, a cry goes up to 'close the border' and 'send them back to Mexico'. Dragnet arrests and mass deportations then ensue which, of course, only aggravate Mexico's social problems. After all, immigrants annually remit between $2 and $5 billion in earnings to families and dependants in Mexico. These periodic but futile attempts to police the border result in untold hardship: ten deaths resulted in Texas alone in a little more than a year.

Meeting with a distinct lack of cooperation in Washington on economic issues, President Lopez Portillo decided to devalue the peso. The reaction in the border towns was immediate. Mexicans are important customers; in San

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diego their patronage is (or was) worth something like $200 million a year. With devaluation, cross-border patronage declined. And Washington began to sense other implications. Mexico is the country's fifth largest trading partner; 70 per cent of its exports are to the United States and 60 per cent of its imports from the USA. A large part of its $23 billion external debt is held there: American banks, for example, hold something like $11.5 billion in loans and credits. But Mexico also has a heavy stake in many forms of American patronage; tourists spend $120 million annually in Tijuana alone.

Mexican officials very wisely did not ballyhoo the important oil-and-gas discoveries made in 1977; they first wanted to work out some long range marketing strategies. This, of course, they could do because the oil industry had been nationalised for many years. Now with 'the energy crisis' the United States must come hat-in-hand to solicit concessions. Restrictions that seemed vexatious to American corporations a few years back are now accepted quite willingly. The oil-and-gas resources of Mexico are somewhat uncertain but, by all accounts, are substantial. Indeed Mexico has been characterised, with perhaps some exaggeration, as 'another Saudi'; The Mexican discoveries were among the few big new finds of the 1970s. One expert, Kenneth E. Hill, of Blyth-Eastman-Dillon & Company, reports that Mexico has indicated reserves that may eventually reach 50-100 billion barrels of oil and 50-100 trillion cubic feet of gas which, if proven, should support production rates of 7-8 million barrels of oil per day by 1990 and 4-5 trillion cubic feet of natural gas each year. Some 2,000 American corporations have plants of one kind or another in Mexico but currently 260 foreign-investment applications are pending so that Mexico can pick and choose. Top priority will be given to plants that can make modern technology available. By 1982 new foreign investment is expected to reach $1.5 billion. At present, Mexico enjoys a high credit rating in international money markets and deservedly so since it expects to earn $3.8 billion from oil exports this year.

Without waiting to see what can be done with oil-and-gas revenues to increase employment, Mexico has put $320 million into small-scale rural development projects which give some promise of checking out-migration. Also Lopez Portillo expects to be able to reduce the birth rate by half between now and the end of the century. But in the meantime, population expands and there is no immediate prospect that the needed volume of new jobs can be provided easily or soon. American assembly plants in the northern border cities are at best a palliative.

Implicit in this state of affairs is the possibility of a trade-off: continued help from the United States in providing jobs for migrants as a *quid pro quo* for oil-and-gas even if at a price that Washington might wish were less. Careful planning can moderate if not check the influx of migrants, and American aid in the development of resources – on Mexico's terms – could reduce the intensity of the 'push' factors. Such an arrangement might well expand the market for US products. At their most recent meeting, Carter and Lopez Portillo apparently agreed to name a Select Commission on Immigration which would be chaired by Reuben Askew, former governor of Florida. Such a body has long been needed to monitor migration and lessen some of its unnecessary and inexcusable hardships.

BUT ANOTHER and more important dimension is implicit in these new developments. Nowadays long and more or less arbitrary borders like those separating Canada, the United States and Mexico cannot be strictly enforced. The US-Canadian border is described, in this age of air and auto travel, as 'a porous line' which last year saw barely monitored crossings by an estimated 70 million people (*New York Times*, 11 March 1979). Migration between Canada and the United States has totalled more than six million people. Many Americans regard Canada as 'the last, best west'; they rank second in number only to migrants from the British Isles. On the other hand, INS reports 332,946 Canadians among United States registered aliens (the fourth highest ranking group after Mexicans, West Indians and Cubans). Along the Mexican border, cub planes dart back and forth with the greatest ease, smuggling drugs and migrants. A market in stolen American automobiles flourishes in Tijuana as does a rapidly expanding market in babies up for adoption. It is relatively easy to buy a Mexican baby in 'supermarket' adoption centres in Tijuana. At the same time, the growing political power of the Hispanics – there is a brown caucus of five members in Congress – makes it difficult to advocate tougher border restrictions. Today there are some eight Hispanic bishops in the Catholic Church in the Southwest and there will be more; they, too, wield considerable influence. Incidentally they want to be included in the Latin American Catholic Church conferences.

President Lopez Portillo is well aware of these developments and he sees the continent as it always should have been seen, that is, with natural North-South contours. He is impressed, too, with 'the great Asian logic', of cooperation between China, Japan, the United States, Canada, and Mexico which promises to usher in the long-heralded 'Pacific Basin' era. Some experts – Kenneth Hill quoted above is one – envisage a common market for the three North American countries with free movement across their borders of all commodities, particularly energy resources, and including people as well. After all, free movement of people between Canada and the United States and between the United States and Mexico would simply recognise formally what is today an emerging reality. Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr of California, is quite interested in the common market concept.

A joint energy policy for the North American countries, with an equitable sharing of energy resources, would make a great deal of sense. So, too, would the free movement of commodities and peoples. The erection of silly barbed wire fences along the US-Mexican border only serves as an irritant. But the political price for Washington would be high; the chauvinism of the Texans alone would present a formidable political problem. And Washington still finds it difficult to concede that Mexico is a great power and must be treated with respect. As to the Pacific Basin side of the equation, Japan is apparently quite willing to pay the economic price of participation. When Lopez Portillo was in Tokyo a new credit for Mexico of $600 million was easily negotiated and in the offing is the prospect of a Japanese-constructed superport on the west coast of Mexico. As to Mexico, the price it must pay would require a modernisation of its political structure. It has a notably obstinate, corrupt, spoiled, rich upper class that must be made to face social realities it has ignored since the 1910 Revolution. Politically, attitudes in the United States toward Hispanics are changing rapidly: the Hispanic market for consumer goods in the Southwest is estimated at $50 billion annually. Corporate America has always had a sharp and unbiased eye when it comes to new consumer markets; already the TV commercials are presenting Hispanics in a new light. Culturally the scene is also changing. This spring 'Zoot Suit', a play about Chicanos which has been grossing $90,000 a week for the last 24 weeks in Los Angeles, opened at the Winter Garden Theater in New York. The opening marks a new phase in Anglo-Hispano mutual perceptions.

What is happening – it has been happening for more than a century – is the emergence of a bi-lingual, bi-cultural zone, some call it MexAmerica, which extends about 150 miles north and south of the present border. A somewhat comparable zone extends immediately north of the US-Canadian border: three-fourths of Canada's population is concentrated in an area one hundred miles north of the line. Just as the number of Americans permanently resident in Mexico is increasing (it tops 100,000 at the moment), so more and more Americans have moved to Canada. Some 2,000 American businesses have a $3.2 billion investment in Mexican affiliates. And now that a trans-peninsular highway has been constructed, Baja California promises to become another, or should I say the next, Southern California. As I write comes word that the Mexican government is creating a massive resort complex at San José del Cabo at the tip of Baja California, with a jet port and all the trimmings.

In brief the United States is at long last starting to look north and south with a new curiosity and interest. In the past it has treated Mexico with indifference and has managed to ignore Canada most of the time. But perspectives are changing. Near the turn of the century, the historian Frederick Jackson Turner spoke portentously of the age of the Pacific which was then beginning, 'mysterious and unfathomable in its meaning for the future.' Today his words have come to have a new meaning.

THIS ENGLAND
1974-1978

A collection of the most amusing 'This Englands' of the last four years. Edited by Audrey Hilton, illustrated by Bernard Handelsman.

Readers may order direct from us at 90p per copy (postage included). Overseas readers anywhere in the world can have **This England** sent by airmail for £1.25.

Remittance with order please to

Turnstile Press
10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris Diary

☐ The general election, glimpsed occasionally on French television and in the newspapers, looked to many Frenchmen like a mannerly rerun of the 1978 elections here which were described at the time as 'France's choice of society'. Britain like France, 'rejected collectivism', commentators here said. Only *Le Matin*, the paper closest to the Socialists, thought that the British election failed to bring into focus some deeper issues – notably the problems of de-industrialising – which foreshadow in Britain some possible wider European trends. Frenchmen cannot fathom why Britain never had a post-war economic miracle like the continental powers, but they sense that Britain's economic woes have undermined any political assertiveness. France retains its superb self-confidence and sets great store on political will to maintain economic discipline.

☐ In the fitful election coverage French commentators noted, without exactly saying *Vive la difference*, that a woman heads the new British government. The difference comes as no great shock to this country: the top vote-getting politician here is a woman, Mme Simone Weil. She entered government late – as a successful upper-middle-class professor and mother. As Health Minister, she legalised abortion. As a survivor of Auschwitz, she crusades against anti-Arab racism here. She also heads President Valery Giscard D'Estaing's list of candidates for the European Parliament.

☐ The other noticeable difference in the two countries' elections is Callaghan's way of immediately going into loyal opposition. As a lesson in democracy, it is contrasted here with the current febrile bickering reminiscent of the Fourth Republic. An unnamed senior official gives an off-the-record lunch for journalists in a government palace, complete with our own souvenir menus. We have come to hear a tirade against Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist leader who is supposed to be the junior partner in the ruling coalition. Over a sumptuous lunch (including three wines from the politician's constituency), Chirac is upbraided as a hothead and megalomaniac, then derided as an upstart and a puppet.

Chirac does indeed play on Gaullist sentiment in the country, which blames the General's departure in 1969 on Giscard's half-hearted support. Recently, Chirac has all but accused Giscard of being a traitor over Europe and of compromising French interests on behalf of a German-dominated Common Market. He constantly threatens to bring down the government and cause new elections. The scenario is that the Left would win; Giscard in the Presidency and the Left in Parliament would battle each other and the country over the cliff – and Chirac would ride out of the wings as a natural national saviour.

Chirac's hyper-activity and naked personal ambition seem likely to cause his undoing. Giscard is steadily wooing the Gaullist members of Parliament, who are disenchanted with Chirac's high-handed manner of running the party. Most important of all, Chirac, in challenging Giscard so blatantly, has violated the cardinal text of Gaullism – the sanctity of the Presidency, whose incumbent is supposed to be above party politics. The institution is designed to protect France from a reversion to the musical-chair government instability of the earlier Republics. By bad-mouthing Giscard, Chirac is alienating his own supporters, one of whom, a military man, summed up his former ally: 'He's like a cavalry officer who gets an order. He smiles, almost imperceptibly, and you think he has understood it. The next thing you know, he is back again in the tent, saying he forgot his sword and his horse has bolted.'

The French Communists of Georges Marchais also have grave historic problems. After World War II, the party was on the verge of dominating France. In 1956, when General De Gaulle came to power (quickly recognised by Moscow against the wishes of the French Communist Party), the party dominated the French Left. Since they formed an electoral alliance with the Socialists in 1973, the Communists have declined steadily. The party Congress this week will almost certainly mark a break with the Eurocommunist philosophy adopted three years ago, and will try to consolidate its old position as the sole defender of the workers and peasants.

But the old clientele is fading. *Humanité*, the Communist daily paper, can no longer find the volunteer militants to sell the paper's four-colour weekend edition.

☐ The underground music in Paris goes on all year, but spring brings new waves of musicians to perform in the *Metro* passages and trains. The acoustics equal any shower, and many performers are very accomplished. The variety is marvellous: Concorde station seems to specialise in classical musicians from the world's conservatoires. Odeon on the Left Bank gets African groups. There are lots of single musicians – sometimes with strange instruments from faraway mountains and deserts, more often Americans (or Frenchmen) with guitars and a Dylan repertoire. A Texan, asked to perform at an embassy function next week, declined the engagement because his season is over. He flies here three times a year for one-month stands working the Vincennes-Neuilly line. The buskers say it's better to shun the more comfortable first-class *Metro* carriages: the passengers in second-class are more generous.

☐ Tolerant with the musicians, the *Metro* police are vigilant against Arabs and blacks to the point where there have been charges of harassment. Entitled to check IDs, a *flic* can easily provoke an incident which justifies manacling the foreigner to a nearby railing until the Black Maria comes for him. If grounds are found for deportation, the foreigner can now be held in 'administrative custody' for the week traditionally afforded for an appeal. It is part of a tough new French policy for keeping immigrant workers out of the centre of Paris – and picking off any stragglers.

☐ The government, like many others, likes the idea of banning strikes. After a prolonged TV disruption (which annoyed President Giscard, who reformed the service several years ago), the government got a law through Parliament saying that TV strikers cannot be allowed to halt programming entirely. The French Post Office – which had 16 'national strikes' last year, the newspapers say, presumably including some very brief ones – wants a similar ban on strikes. Most of all, the government wants to keep demonstrations out of the centre of Paris – presumably on the theory that French governments can be overturned in Paris, as they were in 1789, 1870 and nearly in 1968.

☐ Parisians are queueing again for the four-hour movie *The Pity and the Sorrow*, about life under the Nazi occupation. It was made for TV, but never shown because the government-controlled networks thought it might reopen old wounds. Seeing the film is a reminder that anti-semitism was not just a Nazi import. Plenty of Frenchmen had racist ideas and threw themselves enthusiastically into persecuting Jews, particularly those who had moved into France in the 1920s and 1930s fleeing pogroms to the east. Frenchmen prefer to bury this past, at least socially.

In contrast, friends over from London had occasion to lunch with Sir Oswald Mosley in his folly outside Paris. Someone said: 'He must be the only Englishman today who is beyond the pale. Nobody would flinch if you'd come back from Moscow and said you'd lunched with Kim Philby.'

☐ A national turnaround has occurred on the Indochina war, and French Leftists now admit that they falsified their reporting to reinforce their anti-American, pro-Hanoi stance – and complain that democracy has failed to emerge. The policy shift reflects anger here among the non-Communist Left against the Communist Party and a desire to discredit a Moscow ally. Meanwhile, there hasn't been a word here about French forced repatriation of Russian POWs after World War II – which was at least as big as that in *Victims of Yalta*.

Joseph Fitchett

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The council house garden of Mrs Florence Olsen, 63, has officially earned 'stately' status. Her landscaping is mentioned in the National Gardens Scheme Guide Book alongside the Prince of Wales's home, Chevening, near Sevenoaks, Kent, but unlike the royal garden she has no staff to help with the flower beds. Now she will be charging 29p admission to visitors for a guided tour in aid of the National Trust and a nurses' charity. – *Daily Telegraph* (Mrs M. Whickham)

☐ The victim was the subject of poison pen letters before the incident, and police think that she may have been singled out because she introduced dance and drama sessions into church services. –*Guardian* (C. Brown)

☐ At an earlier hearing the boy, aged 12, admitted robbing the woman, Miss Mary Sharky, of £1.50 and maliciously wounding her. Because he is already in council care – the toughest penalty which can be imposed on a child of his age – he was given a conditional discharge for two years. – *Daily Telegraph* (Brenda Rowe)

☐ Miss Shand decided to bring the hotel up to date. She threw out all the original 1930s furniture and fittings and substituted reproduction 1930s furniture and fittings. – *Brighton & Hove Gazette* (Mrs B. Fenton)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS to the EDITOR

The ice age

Sir, I read your Profile of Mrs Thatcher with interest, being as ready as the next Labour voter to believe the worst of her, but remain puzzled by Wintour's and Rogers' comment on her father. Did he or did he not work his own way up from 'behind the counter', as they put it, by enterprise and thrift? And if he did, why shouldn't he? And why is the £8,000 he left 'unlikely' to be 'a complete picture of his wealth'? If you know more, please do share it with us: if not, why the innuendo? There doesn't seem much point in trying to prove that Mrs Thatcher was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, which seemed to be your aim, if this is all the evidence you can summon up. And £8,000 left in 1970 isn't much of a silver spoon by Tory standards. Or does my reaction prove me as out-of-touch as did Mrs T.'s well-exposed comment on her daughter's ski-ing trips?

MARGARET DRABBLE

24 Heath Hurst Road
London NW3

Absent friends

Sir, Your correspondent Joseph Fitchett, writing about the Congress of the French Socialist Party (NS 13 April), seems unaware that there is a general election in this country. At the end of his report he comments about the level of observers from the SPD in Germany and says '. . . the Labour Party didn't bother to send anyone at all.' It does not seem to occur to him that there might be a good reason, particularly as in the recent past we have been represented by members of the National Executive such as Jim Callaghan and Tony Benn.

In fact, on this occasion the National Executive Committee had decided to send Joan Lestor, Chairman of the International Committee, Alex Kitson, a member of the National Executive Committee and TGWU Executive Officer, and myself, and the French Party were so informed. However, before the Congress opened we were forced into an election here, and on the day the Congress opened we were all involved in the Clause V meeting which draws up the manifesto. It was hardly possible to be in Metz at the same time. Given these facts we resent the inference that the Labour Party is indifferent to the fate of the French Socialist Party. We have good relations with them and wish to continue and strengthen them.

JENNY LITTLE
International Secretary

Labour Party
Transport House
London SW1

Self-reliant Tanzania

Sir, I applaud and welcome your Leader (NS 20 April) and its heading 'What about some help for Nyerere'. It is unfortunately true that, whilst Tanzanian troops have been engaged in actions ranging over vast stretches of land, costing the country and its industry probably 1,000,000 dollars per day, Western governments have been sitting on the side-lines like detached spectators watching an exciting football match, albeit disinclined to cheer for the right team.

This would be less perplexing if as a general rule the West had refrained from adopting panic-stricken airs of moral concern for humanity and hypocritical gestures of rectitude whenever a course of events developed which tended to upset, directly or indirectly, its particular political apple-cart and vested interests in Africa.

Of course, it can be argued quite correctly and with force that African problems must be left to sovereign African administrations for settlement without outside interference but at the same time we in the West should remain conscious of certain obligations which have resulted from the colonial legacy. In a sense Nyerere has put us all into his debt irrespective of certain technicalities concerning the interpretation and infringement of the UN or OAU charters. Governments may be loath to acknowledge this debt in all its implications. Yet where in Africa do we find another régime which equals Nyerere's in solitary pride of independence notwithstanding extreme poverty? This is the reason why meaningful assistance, both for Tanzania and Uganda, becomes a matter of moral urgency at this very moment.

ALFRED LANDOR

31 The Glebe
Aberdour, Fife

Peter Finch

Sir, With reference to John Coleman's review of Trader Faulkner's *Peter Finch*, I was interested in his remark about its 'quite appalling proof-reading' and wondered if he realised how really odd it is.

Having just completed my own buiografee of Peter Finch (so that it is fresh in my mind) may I express surprise that Faulkner 'a personal friend of Finch's of over 30 years' should not yet know how to spell Peter's mother's name? It is Stavely Hill, not Stavelly-Hill (ref: telephone book). Nor the comedian who gave him his first professional break? It is Bert Le Blanc, not Bert La Blance. Nor the wife of Peter's closest friend? It is Lorri, not Laurie. Also the famous theatrical club that we all frequented in the 50's and 60's is the Buckstone (named after J. B. Buckstone the 19th Century comedian and lessee of the Haymarket behind which the Club was situated) not the Buxton.

In his film chronology Faulkner has got *The Nun's Story* and *Operation Amsterdam* wrong way round, while one of the screenwriters of *Father Brown* was Thelma Schnee, not Thelma Schree. And Peter won the Academy award in 1977 not 1976.

ELAINE DUNDY

570 Kings Road
London SW6

Milton's vision

Sir, Revolutionary Milton may be said to have sacrificed 20 years of his life – but NOT his eyesight (Christopher Hill's book review NS 23 March). Ophthalmologists are agreed: healthy eyes are not worn out or damaged by over use.

How sad it is to read such harmful nonsense in the New Statesman. Your writers should be the last people to discourage anyone who has eye trouble, or fear of it, from reading 'a good book . . . the precious life-blood of a master spirit . . .'

REG LUDDINGTON

John Aird School
(for partially sighted children)
London W12

Over the top

Sir, Your correspondent Russell Davies is free to shout his prejudices and ignorance in whichever way he wishes. However, referring to his article in the NS of 13 April, the level of this critisism is just below that of a hooligan on the terraces, of which there are unfortunately far too many, and perhaps less well thought out. The following points should at least be made:-

1. Jock Stein was also in charge of Leeds during the period mentioned.
2. I do not know what evidence there is that the physiques of Leeds players are different to those of any other team; doubtless there is some evidence of which one is unaware.
3. Other Clubs in the Football League who play in white could no doubt be described as playing in 'blanched anonymity'.
4. Madeley has many good and bad points as a footballer but he has one of the best records for behaviour in the Football League and to tar him with the Davies damnation brush is grossly unfair.
5. Leeds may have been open to criticism in many respects but certainly not for failing to have 'club feeling'; on the contrary, most criticisms revolve around such feeling being too intense and inward looking.
6. Players join a club and not the individuals of that club, hence 'joined us' is a perfectly sensible way of 'putting it.'
7. Finally, any team with the record of Leeds over the last three of four years would have more than 'a realisitic hope of new victories' – simply in comparison with the sixties such a record compares unfavourably.

P. M. CRYSTAL

37 Westfields Avenue,
Barnes
London SW13

Below the belt

Sir, I am genuinely bewildered by a piece of verse called 'The Big Fight' (NS 20 April). It seems to me such a negligible piece of writing that I would truly like to know your reasons for printing it. True, it has one splendid phrase – 'choirs of nausea'. But the rest . . .

Craig Raine's comparison of boxing gloves with 'dark rounds of pumpernickel/For a Last Supper' is simply pseuds' corner. His further comparison of the gloves with 'chestnuts/On damp blotting paper/With neatly sprouted thumbs' is firstly obscure (why damp blotting paper?) and secondly inaccurate; when a chestnut sprouts it looks nothing like the thumb of a boxing glove.

Raine described the boxer as flexing his 'mummified hands'. Yet the only point of similarity between a mummy and a boxer's hands is that both are bound in strips of cloth. Beyond that facile *apercu*, the comparison crumbles. A mummy is stiff, shrivelled, and dead. A boxer's hands are not. The metaphor is simply flashy, drawing attention to its own cleverness without revealing anything we did not know already.

I could go on. But my real bewilderment stems from my inability to grasp what Raine is about, what is the point of 'The Big Fight'? Or am I not supposed to ask? Its only merit, it seems to me, is as a sort of snapshot of a boxer before a fight. Well, fair enough I suppose. But even as a snapshot it gets only about three out of ten. And if the NS wants a snapshot of a boxer, why not use a real snapshot? After all, there are struggling photographers who could do with the money just as much as struggling poets.

One not infrequently reads complaints from the handful of people who still read poetry about how little space the national press devotes to it. On the evidence of Raine's offering, the space is not a whit too large.

JOHN MORRISON

3 Highgate Road
London NW5

The Eritrean struggle

Sir, All governments employ people to lie. Some are good liars; some are bad. Mr Tesfaye Demeke, First Secretary of the Ethiopian Embassy in London, is an especially inept liar. In his letter (Letters 20 April) he dismisses the struggle to survive of the Eritrean people, as reported by those of us who have been to Eritrea, as 'almost total nonsense'. He writes: 'The Eritrean Administrative Region of Ethiopia is now fully under the Ethiopian control'. He adds that 'the bandits' are 'crushed'.

In recent Soviet-led onslaughts, the Eritreans lost their main towns, such as Keren. Otherwise, the Eritrean Peoples Liberation Front, the EPLF, hold the north near Sudan and much of the east of their country. If this was not so, Mr Demeke's government would not be sending Ethiopian and Cuban pilots to drop napalm, splinter bombs and defoliant poisons on the civilian population of those areas and the build-up of Soviet weaponry and personnel would not be continuing in Asmara.

Mr Demeke seeks to invoke the name of Judith Hart, Minister for Overseas Development, as an ally to his propaganda. At this, I hope, she cringes.

JOHN PILGER

Chinameoa,
Morelos,
Mexico

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Bon appétit

The summer season brings, happily for me, guests to 'Myrtlebank', old friends from here and there who know the worst, both of the accommodation and of their host. They are normally car-borne, their journeys starting from far afield and culminating in a joyous helter-skelter down the M5 motorway in company with the other half million holidaymakers who have decided to head west. However, as they draw nearer to our secluded section of Devon, there is a marked falling-off in the status of the roads. M gives place to A. Dual carriage-ways sheer haughtily off. A gives place to B and there are a lot of 'Give Way' warnings, a road sign which used idiotically to say 'Yield', a word which meant nothing to foreigners and not a great deal to some of us natives. And then even the B designation gives out altogether and the winding and narrow road which leads up from the Teign valley to our little village of Appleton has no status at all although it does appear, if rather faintly, on the larger maps. What is the opposite of helter-skelter? Whatever it is, this would be the wisest method of vehicular procedure to adopt at this stage of the trip. Slow down, engage a lower gear and prepare yourself to encounter sheep, my Cousin Madge off to the village shops, horses, the Bultitudes on their daily walk (Giles in a deer-stalker), assorted dogs and cats, Canon Mountjoy on his way to visit a sick neighbour, and flocks of small children (the soft South Devon air encourages, paradoxically, both sleep and procreation).

My guests usually time their arrival to coincide, after polite screams of 'Oh just *look* at your Albertine!', with a tinkling tea-cup filled with fragrant Earl Grey and flanked by a toasted bun-round if the weather is nippy and I am able to greet them with the relaxed and confident smile of somebody who knows that for the first twenty-four hours at least the main part of the food is all ready and prepared and merely needs to be plunged into my Belling. I own a number of cookery books and the most useful by far are those which contain a chapter headed 'Dishes That Don't Mind Waiting'. Not for me that last-minute omelette, the timed-to-a-second soufflé, the steamed pudding that needs its water replenishing, the crêpes suzettes and other deliciousnesses that require to be flambé. I go in for the wholesome and more restful stews, Irish or otherwise, the warmed-up apple pie (so odd that pastry will cook itself for just so long and no longer and doesn't at all rebel against gently reheated reappearances), the chicken joints nestling in apple juice and cream, the potato-topped fish pie, the bread-crumbed and fried lamb cutlets that will happily await, for hours if necessary, their moment of nutritional glory. But please let nobody imagine on reading this list that gluttony lurks within my walls. Not a bit of it. It's just the one dish at a time and little else ('Now, who's for cheese?'). I don't, on the other hand, go in at all for slimming dishes. Spuds appear in rich profusion. If something, a stew for example, is all the better for having dumplings nestling in its depths, then dumplings nestle. Fresh garden peas are, and how rightly, anointed with butter. Any soup that should be enriched with cream, gets cream. Why not? Let's live dangerously.

One of my older cookery stand-bys ('A Handy Guide-book for Worried Housekeepers') sets out 365 Seasonable Dinners and although no publication date is given, the fact that sirloin is casually mentioned as being 10d a lb and that each dinner consists of five courses (Green Pea Soup, Boiled Salmon, Veal Cutlets, Strawberry Cream, Cheese Croûtons) must make it, to say the very least of it, pre-war. The book includes interesting medical information ('Digestion Table of Different Foods') about how long the various culinary ingredients require to reside in our stomachs before moving on and down to even more elaborate procedures. The quickest ones to get going ('Hello and goodbye') are rice and tripe which linger for a mere hour. The most prolonged period ($5\frac{1}{4}$ hours) is that required by roast pork. Surprises abound, with boiled cabbage thoroughly above itself and needing $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours if you please, oysters (always said to be so digestible but there for $2\frac{7}{8}$ hours) and turnips $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. You'll want to know about melted butter and tapioca. These work out at $3\frac{1}{2}$ for the former and 2, if you can bear the stuff, for the latter.

Only too well aware of the year-by-year sameness of my *cuisine* and of the fact that guests, half way down the M5, may already be flinching at the thought of my *agneau en fricassée* and my *purée de carottes*, I have been nosing about for novelties and there has come my way *The People's Cook Book* (Macmillan, £5.95), the work of Mlle Huguette Couffignal, translated by James Kardon, and one which deals with 'the staples, delicacies and curiosities from the earth's humble kitchens'. The authoress gives a stern warning of what we are in for – no frills, no pâté, no truffles, no fine cuts of veal, no caviar. Just simple fare 'cooked over open fires from Peru to Pakistan to Polynesia' and providing new conceptions and recipes to set the imagination racing. My summer guests may well be in for something of a surprise. The 'open fires' mentioned are composed, for preference, of camel dung, not easy to obtain locally but I will pay a visit to the supervisor of the Paignton zoo and see what he, or his camels, can manage.

First and foremost, Mlle Couffignal urgently counsels me to procure an iron and oriental cooking utensil called a *wok*. A *wok* is, it seems, absolutely ideal for sautéing and deep frying and boiling. A *wok* is a wide and round-bottomed pot with handles. When perched on a Western stove, a *wok* must, of course, sit on a *wok* ring. Allow no metal cutlery within a mile of your *wok*. It's wooden ware for *woks*. And then, for starters, how about a tasty lunch menu from the Arctic Zone? We kick off with a kind of porridge made from plantain seeds filched from the burrows of field-mice. For our main *plat* it's boiled reindeer (Harrods are bound to have them) with, on the side, predigested lichen from caribou stomachs ('a great delicacy'). And for a salad we have a tossed Siberian seaweed called, I regret to say, fucus. For a pudding, let us seek the hospitality of another land and settle for poe (Polynesian Fruit Balls). Wash the meal down with a pint or two of pulque (cactus beer). Just one thing worries me. How large a haunch of reindeer will I be able to cram into my *wok*? The recipes here say, as so often, 'serves four'. Time will tell.

The paragraph that follows is only, in every sense, for the strongest stomachs (skip if in doubt). There is a Chinese cocktail called Baiga that is made from millet and pigeon droppings. Add water to taste, whizz the whole thing up in your blender and heat gently until fermentation begins. 'Baiga is better', it says, 'if the pigeons have been well fed.' I do see. Well then, there's nothing finer for bucking you up than simmered octopus (but do remember to remove head, eyes, beak and that naughty ink sac). If chancing to be in Tibet, don't forget to ask for fried sheep's lungs, a tremendous local treat, and remember that if your yak butter starts to get runny in the hot weather, a handy larderette can be fashioned from a deceased goat's stomach which will impart an even stronger and richer smell to this essential feature of the best Tibetan tables (yak butter is tip-top in tea and ensures oily globules all over the surface). In Burma you can eat stuffed locusts varied with worms and ants. Never overlook the fact, if you're truly peckish, that grasshoppers are 50% protein. And for a final excitement, much to be recommended is *surprise de termite* (sausages made from squashed termites and rolled up in banana leaves). Serve with airag (fermented mare's milk).

I'm going to find the palm trees on the front at Torquay extremely useful. All palms, they tell us, 'yield sweet sap for palm wine' and are rich in sugar. And another thing: 'the roots can be chewed for dental hygiene'. Palm wine will provide an attractive contrasting flavour for the boiled reindeer and I have written to the Torquay Town Council for permission to fell a dozen or so trees. I cannot see what possible objections they can raise.

Roger Woddis

Celebration

I went to a marvellous party
To celebrate Maggie's success;
We shouted 'Well done!'
And we kneeled to the *Sun* –
And ninety per cent of the press.
We drank to the country's First Lady
(That is, if you leave out the Queen),
An end to class-spite,
Indecision and drift,
The surge of old values,
Like hard work and thrift,
Then Nigel poor darling,
Was sick in the lift,
And Melanie made a scene.

We toasted the nation's good fortune
In having a leader who cares,
Determined to fight
For the things that are right,
And push up the price of our shares.
And after the party was over,
With everyone starting to yawn,
We looked at the dead-men,
The half-eaten pies,
The mud in the ash-trays,
The blood in our eyes,
The shadows beneath them
We couldn't disguise,
And God, how we loathed the dawn!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Edward W. Said

The Acre and the Goat

There are two striking differences between the Zionist movement and the Palestinian national movement and these have remained constant for about a century. One is that in terms of getting things done (mainly acquiring territory) Zionism was essentially a Benthamite policy of detail, whereas the Palestinian tendency – scarcely a policy – was to rely on unassailable general principles, which never prevented the ground from being literally cut out from underneath them. The result of this, in starkly contrasting realities, is that Zionists have a state, Palestinians don't. Of course it is true that Zionism proved the militarily stronger of the two antagonists, and that it had broad principles upon which to rely, but the focus of mobilisation was definable in relatively small terms, 'another goat and another acre', as Weizmann said, according to Michael Bar-Zohar in *Ben-Gurion: A Biography*.

I remember being stirred as a boy by accounts of how, when the time came and the Mandate ended, the Zionists would be 'driven away' by our valiant Hebronites (the proverbial Palestinian strongmen) who needed only sticks to shoo them all back to where they came from. But what I also remember were the endless discussions, testimonial declarations, complaints about the justice of our cause, and the visual evidence, which is still very clear in my memory, of row upon row of Jewish farmers, school children, pedestrians even, going on about their business with their backs turned, so to speak, to the urgent, aimless life among the Arab Palestinians, whose much larger numbers and land holdings proved later to be of little use. No detail, no itemised organisation, no carefully demarcated separation in Arab existence between Jewish life of the sort that made a percentage of one's cinema ticket price go to the Jewish Agency.

The second difference follows interestingly from the first. Because the Diaspora by definition was not in Palestine, a great deal of what was done in the Promised Land on Zionism's behalf was also presented – perhaps *projected* is the better word here – as if on to a kind of world-theatre-stage. The acre and the goat, the hospital and the school, the settlements themselves: all these seemed to be taking place, not just happening, as part of a drama which the world was witnessing, the reconstruction or (as Weizmann called it) the reconstitution of Palestine. For the Diaspora this drama had very different meanings at different times. It was always meant to be a didactic alternative picture to the way Jews were habitually viewed, even by one another, in the West. Later the reconstruction with its redemptive message was changed to meet the situation created after the Holocaust: Palestine as refuge, as affirmative action for those dispossessed Jews not massacred by Nazi Germany. Still later there came the Zionist as early (Puritan) pioneer, then as Spartan, then as existential hero.

Some of this self-conscious drama was caught last year by the Israeli novelist Amos Oz, who is quoted in *Time* as saying:

> For as long as I live, I shall be thrilled by all those who came to the Promised Land to turn it either into a pastoral paradise or egalitarian Tolstoyan communes, or into a well-educated, middle-class Central European enclave, a replica of Austria and Bavaria.

Not only was Zionism to restore Israel then, it was also to show the world that Jews could be Bavarians, Tolstoyans, or Marxists – in Asia, in the midst of land that had been 'neglected' for centuries. One is reminded of the surrealistically white-suited accountant in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, who sits amid the 'great demoralisation of the land' in darkest Africa, going through a Londoner's routine.

But there *were* other people already in Palestine, and the slow accumulation of land by a policy of detail as well as the painstaking drama of the state taking shape before the world's eyes came together more or less to blot out the natives entirely. Why these natives in all their untidy backwardness could not impress the Zionists, much less the rest of the world, with their presence is something I still cannot really understand, although one can see parallels between Zionists and American Puritans, say, or between Zionists and 19th-century European theorists of 'empty' territory in Asia and Africa. What is still more perplexing is how the same blindness is repeated painstakingly by modern Zionist historians who re-tell the story not with the luxury of hindsight but with the same narrowness of vision that spurred on the early Zionists. Martin Gilbert's *Exile and Return: The Emergence of Jewish Statehood* narrates the events as if Palestine was teased out of a few offices in Whitehall, as if 'the Arabs' – the phrase has a certain symptomatic anonymity to it – were miscellaneous weeds to whom no great statesmen paid much attention as they cultivated grander gardens than *that* miserable patch. For an antidote one must go straight to A. L. Tibawi's *Anglo-Arab Relations and the Question of Palestine*, an impressively detailed work that chronicles British duplicity with – from the standpoint of Palestinians who finally lost the land – more justified zeal than Gilbert's. Neither book (and certainly Tibawi's is the more original and important) furnishes one with a history of Palestine as the place where Arab life, Zionist settlement, imperialist machinations were happening together. This also happens to be true of A. W. Kayyali's otherwise useful *Palestine: A Modern History*.

Surely Zionism's genuine successes on behalf of Jews are reflected inversely in the absence of a major history of Arab Palestine and its people. It is as if the Zionist web of detail and its drama choked off the Palestinians, screening them not only from the world but from themselves as well. And indeed, as the noted Palestinian thinker Ibrahim Abu-Lughod has written, Palestinians for a decade after 1948 adopted a politics of accommodation to the Arab and Israeli realities all around them; they became Egyptian Palestinians, or Israeli Palestinians of the sort whose life Sabri Jiryis has chronicled in *The Arabs in Israel* (1976). During the Nasser Period, Palestinians were caught up in a general wave of anti-imperialist, Arab nationalist sentiment; hence in those years what Abu-Lughod calls a politics of rejection. Then after 1967, Palestinian nationalism asserted itself in the breach made by the Arabs' defeat, and this has been called the politics of revolution and hope. But in all these phrases, with the exception of a handful of literary works, the concrete human detail of Palestinian existence was regularly subordinated to big general ideas. For their pains in having devised a theory of armed struggle against Israel the Palestinians became associated in the world's eyes with 'terrorism'.

These are perhaps pessimistic and critical things to have to say, and yet by no means do they tell the whole story. The general Palestinian idea of opposition to Israeli exclusionary practices has become a potent symbol of what it means to be an adversary to the seedy *status quo* everywhere in the Middle East. Palestinians are touted now by Iranians as they had been previously by Egyptian students and intellectuals, Syrian workers, Third World liberation groups. The emergence of the PLO – always hovering between some revolutionary ideals and the more practical aims of a national independence movement – has brought forth a wide array of Palestinian institutions (schools, factories, hospitals, research and publication networks) that are sensitive to the scatterings of Palestinian life today. The central fact remains, of course: this is a people without a land of its own. But for the first time in their history, one can see Palestinians in a sense *producing themselves*: and this self-production has had a noticeable effect on how, for the first time in *its* history, Zionism's policy of detail and its dramatic self-projection are faltering.

Take some recent instances as a start. Whereas the early Zionists simply ignored the Palestinians as well as everyone like them, the tone (and the substance) of how the Palestinians as well as Third World natives are now considered has become strident, openly vicious. General Dayan put it this way in January: if Palestinians inside Israel are going to support the PLO, then we shall evict them as we evicted the others. General Eytan (Israeli Chief of Staff) in an interview with *Yedioth*

BOOKS DISCUSSED:

Michael Bar-Zohar: *Ben-Gurion: A Biography* (Weidenfeld £12.95). Richard Deacon: *The Israeli Secret Service* (Taplinger $9.95). Martin Gilbert: *Exile and Return: The Emergence of Jewish Statehood* (Weidenfeld £7.95). Aviezer Golan: *Operation Susannah* (Harper and Row £6.95). Nahum Goldmann: *The Jewish Paradox* (Weidenfeld £8.50). Chaim Herzog: *Who Stands Accused? Israel Answers its Critics* (Weidenfeld £6.50). Sabri Jiryis: *The Arabs in Israel* (Monthly Review £6.75). A. W. Kayyali: *Palestine: A Modern History* (Croom Helm £9.95). Saul Mishal: *West Bank East Bank: The Palestinians in Jordan, 1949-1967* (Yale £6.85). Anwar el Sadat: *In Search of Identity* (Collins £6.50). Rosemary Sayigh: *Palestinians: From Peasants to Revolutionaries* (Zed Press £8.95). Sammy Smooha: *Israel: Pluralism and Conflict* (Routledge £12.50). A. L. Tibawi: *Anglo-Arab Relations and the Question of Palestine, 1914-1921* (Luzac £15). Elia T. Zurayk: *The Palestinians in Israel: A Study in Internal Colonialism* (Routledge £8.50).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aharonot, 19 January: 'Before the State of Israel existed we came here [to] conquer this country, and it was for this purpose that the state was established.' Asked about Arabs in the Galilee, he replies: 'In my opinion, the Arabs today are engaged in a process of conquest of the land, conquest of work, illegal immigration, terror there.' This is presumably the overture to some new wave of Israeli repression in the Galilee, which is where the largest concentration of Arab Israelis is found. A cartoon on 12 January in *Maariv*: a huge black genie with a leering face that is meant to resemble Khomeini, who seems to have emanated from an oil drum. This overtly (and paradoxically) anti-Semitic creature is identified as 'Islam – the reaction'. Standing off to the side are a decent-looking worried gent who represents the West and a little boy wearing a *yarmulke*. The latter says to his older friend: 'When do you mean to move?'

It is not as if Menachem Begin hasn't moved, verbally at least. From the moment that Khomeini returned to Iran, Begin was warning the world of this return to the Middle Ages and to religious fanaticism, without so much as a pause in his remarks when he went on to justify holding 'Judea' and 'Samaria' on the basis of Old Testament promises. Begin's appeal was to age-old Western fears of the Orient, although characteristically he was unable to see the beam in his own eye as he spoke. This is not to say, however, that the Israeli press hasn't been recording in detail the pronouncements and threats I have mentioned above, but what is interesting is how the old Zionist world-drama can no longer hide its less savoury accomplishments.

The most offensive recent example of all is Chaim Herzog's *Who Stands Accused? Israel Answers its Critics*. Herzog's scowl adorns the cover, as if to alert the world to his prophetic wrath, and without a trace of irony he accepts himself as Israel's very incarnation. And what an incarnation. Most of the book is full of anxious self-praise accompanied by all-out attacks on the Palestinians, wherever and in whatever form they happen to be. Nowhere does this ex-intelligence officer let on that it was he who helped the Iranian monarchy set up the SAVAK in the early Sixties, so that democracy could flourish in torture rooms, in complicity with the Light of the Aryans, in a rhetoric that mangled people and reality beyond acceptable limits. (Herzog's interesting past is sketched in Richard Deacon's *The Israeli Secret Service*.) Herzog has the gall to defend Israeli settlements on the West Bank by accusing the world of anti-Semitism. 'If the Arab population of Israel has grown from 150,000 in 1949 to 550,000 today, that is not considered a "demographic change",' he says sarcastically; 'but if a total of approximately 6000 Jews settle in Judea, Samaria, Sinai, Gaza and Golan, in an area populated by 1½ million Arabs, this is termed a "demographic change".' Leaving aside the fact that the 150,000 Arabs who 'remained' in Israel after 1949 were a small fraction of the 800,000 who were driven out, allowing for the generosity of Israel in *letting* those 150,000 grow to 550,000, overlooking the fact that most of the Israeli population today was imported into Palestine in the form of colonial settlers on someone else's land, and accepting the 60,000 Jews who have settled on seized lands in Arab Jerusalem as constituting no demographic change at all, General Herzog's way with the truth is still incredible. He simply does not mention that the Israeli army has demolished 17,000 houses on the West Bank alone, or that the settlers (and the occupation itself) are considered illegal by the entire world: he wants us all to celebrate Israel's achievements in his person, in his words, and in his presence before the world.

Part of Herzog's angry zeal is surely due to his nagging realisation that Palestinians (and for that matter Arabs in general) will not so easily be made to lie still today under the Zionist tarpaulin. There are infinitesimal signs of this in the slips he makes while describing Arab matters in a prose that is meant to convey expertise and professional competence. The same symptomatic failures crop up in Aviezer Golan's *Operation Susannah*. Arab names like 'Khaled' and 'Sahyuni' become 'Haled' and 'Sayoni', a statement by Arafat is first dated 1975, then changed to 1976, 'Khawaga' becomes 'Hawaga', 'Emad el-Din' is changed to 'Ahmad al Din', the PLO is said to have 'introduced' terrorism – but the list is too long and dispiriting to rehearse any further here.

The larger failures are very apparent in Golan's woefully padded and sentimentalised spy tear-jerker about the Lavon affair which began in 1954: Israeli attempts at manipulation and hegemony fail not so much because there is more and more credible Palestinian resistance, but because there are inherent short-circuits to any policy of detail based mainly upon denial and coercion. Clearly we are meant to feel a kind of spectatorial admiration for the misled young Egyptian Jews who during the early Fifties threw bombs in American-owned Cairo cinemas and libraries (no admonition here from the author about 'terrorism' and vandalism) as part of an Israeli-intelligence plot to make the US angry with Egypt: this is all part of the Zionist way of engaging the world theatrically in exploits that are not all positive. But in Golan's unskilful hands, the shabby morality shows through. After all, it was the same Israeli intelligence services that sent bomb-throwing conspirators Ninio, Dassa, Levy, and Natanson to Egyptian jails for having failed in their mission to stir the US against Abdel Nasser's Egypt, that *also* brought forth General Herzog, the failure to predict an Arab attack in 1973, etc. These are not all failures in competence, as much as they are failures in principle. No matter how carefully you plan in detail, you cannot indefinitely go on acquiring lands, populations, support as if all reality and all people were simply reducible to the dictates of your will or of your justification.

The franker and less mendaciously apologetic Zionists seem always to have known this, but their ways of expressing it are encoded very differently, depending on age, position, political preference. The thin hagiographic mists surrounding Bar-Zohar's portrait of Ben-Gurion are soon dispelled by the critical reader. For one, the word 'conquest' turns up with unhappy frequency whenever the man's ideas for Palestine are mentioned: the curious feature of these, however, is that the conquest in question is always Jewish, whereas the Arab things being conquered are never mentioned. An adulation for Lenin gives way early on in Ben-Gurion's life to a rapprochement with Jabotinsky and longings to join the Commonwealth; he also falls away from the workers' movement (incidentally, what *was* Labour Zionism?). Not a victim of persecution himself, Ben-Gurion appears to have found the Zionist cause an instrument for his will and later in life he even advised De Gaulle on the wisdom of setting up another Israel in North Africa. The colonial venture had become a habit of thought.

Like Begin today, Ben-Gurion saw what he did in two perspectives, one based on the Bible (his war aims in 1948 were, in his own blood-curdling terms, that 'a Christian state should be established [in Lebanon], with its southern border on the Litani river. We will make an alliance with it. When we smash the Arab legion's strength and bomb Amman, we will eliminate Transjordan, too, and then Syria will fall. If Egypt still dares to fight on, we shall bomb Port Said, Alexandria, and Cairo . . . And in this fashion, we will end the war and settle our forefathers' account with Egypt, Assyria, and Aram'), the other on white supremacy ('Israel is the bastion of the West in the Middle East'). Already in Ben-Gurion's politics one watches the emergence of future difficulties in what I have been calling Zionism's theatre, whose less attractive features are not usually referred to in Israel's liberal addresses to the West. Thus it is Ben-Gurion's deliberate plan *not* to mention the state's specific boundaries in the 1948 Declaration of Independence; just as it is strikingly odd that a liberal democracy is *not* the state of all of its citizens, but 'of the whole Jewish people'. Bar-Zohar records these little matters without commentary.

Roughness, directness, determination (translate these as force, force, and more force) are Ben-Gurion's main characteristics in this portrait of him. They are occasionally tempered by softening references to his passion for books – the Greek classics, Tolstoy, and so forth. Set beside Nahum Goldmann's second book of miscellaneous but engaging memoirs, Ben-Gurion's cultural aspirations seem a little makeshift. Goldmann makes no bones either about his dislike of Ben-Gurion or about the old soldier's clumsy efforts at culture. The bond that mattered for Goldmann was always the one with Chaim Weizmann, whose line the redoubtable head of the World Zionist Organisation felt himself to be continuing. Although the rift between Weizmann and Ben-Gurion was important it reflected what amounted only to a question of style and taste; Weizmann and Goldmann after him were subtler, Ben-Gurion coarser. All of them, however, felt that Palestine ought to be taken from the Arabs, Weizmann and Goldmann opting for later reconciliation with them, Ben-Gurion for clobbering them whenever possible. With someone like Begin around, Goldmann's value today is obviously crucial. An urbane, clever, and serious man,

HANTA YO

Hanta Yo, a Dakotah Indian expression meaning 'clear the way' is the title of a powerful, dramatic saga of the lost world of the American Indian.

An astonishing 25 years in the research and writing ! Many believe this American bestseller is destined to become a 20th century classic .Coming to Britain in June.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has the vision (if not the power) of a statesman to see that Israel's present course is almost certainly disastrous. Yet what is troubling about Goldmann's thought in *The Jewish Paradox* is his altogether easy slide into notions of irony and paradoxicality whenever he must seriously face up to disturbing features of Zionism. Can one simply say that Zionism and the Jews are paradoxes when, for example, their claims to universality and a transcendental ethical sense get literally translated into some of the most chauvinistic and exclusionary (the word *discriminatory* comes very easily to mind here) social policy towards non-Jews under their rule? One wants things called by their name, not disguised as tidy rhetorical sweets.

There are signs of hope elsewhere within the Zionist movement. I have been suggesting that by and large the policy of detail has until recently obliterated the realities this policy has been designed to hide; and I have also suggested that Zionism conceived of its activity dramatically, with an anxious, liberal world in the West as its audience, the very same audience that Sadat's strutting autobiography is now entertaining. To a great extent, as I and others like me would like to believe, the allure of such a strategy has weakened not only because it is so epistemologically wrong-headed, but because it has had to deal with a rising oppositional tide as represented by the Palestinians. But there is another reason for what is undoubtedly Zionism's new crisis: Israel has in fact produced a society – and not a caricature of one, as many Arabs prefer to imagine; it has also produced people who, despite their political loyalties, are in the course of things going to have to confront themselves, their history, and their political ethos. When this happens (and of course I am speaking about this as taking place at the centre of Zionism, not in the profoundly moral individual visions of Jews like Magnes, Shahak, Chomsky) then we can expect the veils very slowly to be rent.

That in the cases at hand it should occur in the work of two young Israeli social scientists, neither of whom on the face of it is a radical, is something. Saul Mishal's argument is simple. The Palestinians, he says, have a 'primordial attachment' to their land. During Jordan's hegemony over the West Bank between 1949 and 1967, the Hashemite monarchy manipulated those Palestinians under its tutelage, but was never able to subdue their nationalist aspirations. Those always were – and have clearly still remained – Palestinian, independent, genuine. Notwithstanding Mishal's muddy later pages on 'the return of Islam' (a concept he borrows from the least serious of modern Orientalists) as a device for discrediting, or at least devaluing, Palestinian secular nationalism, Mishal's argument on the whole is an upright one. In the Israeli context of today, it is an argument about honesty, and also about some attempt to recognise the Palestinian reality for what it is. If the political implications are not exactly spelled out, we should still be pleased that this book has emerged from Israel.

Were it not that it is saturated, indeed dripping with jargon of an almost unbearable ugliness, we should be still more grateful for Sammy Smooha's *Israel: Pluralism and Conflict*. I cannot and certainly will not try to reproduce the academic 'model' that Smooha employs throughout his book; at bottom it serves only to give an elephantine shape to its author's modest, slightly conservative temperament – namely, his preference for accommodation over revolution in a society as riven with contradictions and conflict as Israel's.

I don't know. He may be right in his preference, as even Palestinians have seriously concluded and said in public. Israel has perpetrated an injustice, it still oppresses Palestinians and Oriental Jews, it cannot deliver on its early promises. Smooha goes as far as saying that in time the Palestinian Arabs inside Israel will become the country's most pressing problem. But he backs away from anything more drastic than an assertion of Israel's 'pluralistic' society ('Pluralism' is where his description of the country's contradictions, inequalities of power, absence of homogeneity always ends up) and the need for a coming 'to grips with its structural pluralism, intergroup inequality and conflict and to do justice to its disadvantaged groups'. This assertion is forcefully supported by a rigorous and disenchanted analysis of Israeli society, an analysis which needs to be supplemented by Elia T. Zurayk's severely excellent *The Palestinians in Israel: A Study in Internal Colonialism* for its basic pessimism to stand out.

But what does it mean, *to come to grips*? For Smooha it certainly does not mean revolution, and if it means gradual change then he isn't true to the spirit of his analysis which, plus Likud hegemony, events in Iran and in other parts of the region, tells me at least that gradualism is a Panglossian hope. My sense of things is that Zionism's choices all along the way have over-determined its current political possibilities, and among those possibilities a renunciation of accumulation by detail and of self-dramatisation as the liberal West's hope *simply do not figure*. After all, people like General Arik Sharon are not responsible for settlement in the Occupied Territories by chance (see the long interview with him in *Maariv* on 26 January of this year, for a chilling statement of Israeli intentions). Conversely – as Rosemary Sayigh argues convincingly in her impressive book *The Palestinians: From Peasants to Revolutionaries* – Israeli society has claims made on it not only by Palestinians inside the country but as well by those armed, politicised farmer refugees who live in the *ghurba*, exile. Add to this economic pressures, increasing social turbulence, and one gets a most unrosy picture of the prospects for 'coming to grips' by academic recognition or tragic *anagnorisis*.

Perhaps we ought to remember that neither an artificial tranquillity induced by Camp Davidian TV appearances nor Sadatian hyperbole about 'psychological factors' can transform the real conflict between Zionism and the Palestinians into a simple misunderstanding. And this alleged misunderstanding cannot, we must hasten to add, be dissolved by 'problem-solving', or by getting people together in seminars where the 'barriers' between them will disappear. A national movement, whose provenance and ideas were European, took a land away from a non-European people settled there for centuries: that is a displacement, a conflict, a fact of history which both Israelis and Palestinians *live*, and it is not something that rhetoric or drama can long either conceal or prettify. For any one who undertakes to write about these

ALISON LURIE

ONLY CHILDREN

Brilliant reviews have greeted Alison Lurie's latest novel, epitomised by John Braine who said: **"There quite simply is no better living writer."**

Miss Lurie's novels are in print in hardback with Heinemann and in paperback with Penguin.

Imaginary Friends
Love and Friendship
The War Between the Tates
The Nowhere City
Real People

Heinemann

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matters that is what must be dealt with candidly, and *in detail*, though whether it can most usefully be done – as it is now – before an audience of outsiders and in seminar rooms, or only on various battlefields, is something for Palestinians and Israelis to decide among themselves, if only they will decide. As for the future, one can assert with reasonable confidence that the conflict will continue and, if the amount of oblivious self-deception and empty posturing decreases on both sides, will be settled (if it *can* be settled) appropriately. Where and how this will take place are the questions that Palestinians and Zionists together must now, after the soporifics of Camp David, try to take up.

Jonathan Raban

Memoirs of a Noodle

Under the Influence by T. S. MATTHEWS
Cassell £5.95

We have met T. S. Matthews before, in the fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald. He is the young man from the Midwest who arrives on the brink of the 1920s bursting with conceited innocence; a rich ingénu, whose necessary fate is that his brave new world must be systematically reduced to smoking ruins. Matthews is only four years younger than Fitzgerald; both came from well-to-do families in provincial cities (Cincinnati and St Paul); both went to Princeton and fell under the spell of that university's incredibly snobbish and glittery clubland; both roamed Europe in that golden interval, for American aristos, between the end of the First War and the Great Crash; both were enthralled by dreams of fame, success and the literary life. There the resemblance ends, a shade abruptly. Fitzgerald, fatally gifted, became the lyrical historian of the age which killed him, raddled with liquor, at 41. Matthews, with no particular talent (unless one counts his knack of riding on the coat-tails of the literary celebrities of his day), became editor of *Time* magazine, and at 79 is still alive and living in Suffolk.

Under the Influence is an extraordinary, spine-chilling document. Judged by the normal standards of autobiography, it is not much of a book. Matthews has little capacity for making his characters come alive on the page. His prose, except in a few striking passages, has the part-worn mechanical chirpiness of the house style of the magazine he used to edit. (*Time*, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away.) His life has hardly been of sufficient public interest to justify his shortcomings as a writer. Yet his book had me riveted with fascination. One quality distinguishes it from every other autobiography I have ever read – a streak of mean, vainglorious candour. In what one suspects is a last bid for the fame which has so far eluded him. Matthews has decided to expose himself in a public place. With his other hand, as it were, he goes for the zips and buttons of a whole group of one-time friends. The result is an alternately funny, nasty and unpredictably poignant piece of writing.

At Princeton the young Tom Matthews hankered after cleverness, good looks and social standing. Like a sprig of mistletoe, he attached himself to the cleverest, most handsome and popular man of his year, Schuyler Jackson. Jackson was his Dick Diver and his Gatsby; Matthews basked in Jackson's reflected glory. It was Jackson who wrote the poems, laid the girls and hit the bottle, and Matthews timidly followed in Jackson's wake. His devotion to his friend was not always kindly received. When he tried to play the ministering angel he tended to get greeted with lines like 'God damn you, leave me alone!' and 'Shut up, you crummy shit!' – lines now adduced as evidence for Jackson's 'madness'. In the valedictory yearbook of the class of '22, Matthews was voted 'Worst poet' while Jackson took away the title 'Most brilliant'.

Thus garlanded with the dunce's bays, Matthews went to Oxford. Here, he proves himself to have been a genuine original. Uniquely among literary autobiographers, he hasn't a single recollection of Harold Acton, John Sutro, Evelyn Waugh, Maurice Bowra, Brian Howard or Lord Berners. This must be a record. The Oxford of T. S. Matthews has a complete galaxy of hitherto unrecorded stars: Tui Kinsolving, Dudley Hughes, Henry Chapin, Maisie Somerville, Jo James ('the Zuleika Dobson of our day') and, of course, Schuyler Jackson. Matthews was taken to meet Robert Graves; an occasion which Graves himself failed to recall. This was an unfortunate lapse of the poet's memory, since the meeting turned out to have singular consequences for Mr Graves.

Matthews returned to America, marriage and *Time* magazine. By ordinary logic, the story should have ended there. But there was an extraordinary tenaciousness in Matthews's noodledom. He couldn't leave literature alone. He was still orbiting like a moon round Schuyler Jackson, and in Graves he had sighted a possible new sun. After two years of 'servitude' in journalism, he and his wife took off for Mallorca, where they deposited themselves at the feet of Graves and Laura Riding. They were christened 'the Beholdens' by Graves's English entourage. Matthews thinks that this was merely a dig at his American vocabulary; his readers may have other ideas.

In Matthews, Laura Riding found a pupil whom she could bully mercilessly. She made him write and rewrite, tearing up drafts and keeping long, strict schoolroom hours. Graves, left to his own devices for once, got on famously with *I, Claudius*, and proposed that the Matthewses should take up permanent residence on the island. Laura Riding painted a 'psychological portrait' of T. S. Matthews in which she embroidered a series of abstract doodles around the words 'Lust' and 'Fury'. 'It embarrassed me,' Matthews says, and he wriggled out of Laura Riding's governessy clutches, returning to the safer haven of his editorial offices in New York.

Yet even satellites must have their day. Matthews's came when he was able to bring his suns together on American soil. He spent $25,000 on refurbishing a derelict house on Schuyler Jackson's estate, summoned Graves, Riding and their hangers-on from Mallorca, and set himself up as dean of a new pantisocracy. He succeeded, at last, in making his contribution to modern literature. For Laura Riding ran away to Florida with Schuyler Jackson, and for 30 years the couple lay buried in the obscurity of Wabasso, engaged in the abortive preparation of an enormous and eccentric dictionary. Jackson's wife was carted off to hospital in a straitjacket. Graves returned to England in the company of the wife of one of his admirers. Matthews was left with an outstanding bill of $24,800 and the nagging conviction that his heroes had behaved distinctly badly. There had been a crack-up to mirror and rival the one in *Tender is the Night*, and its negligent author went back to *Time* to pare his fingernails.

The story has, indeed, all the ingredients of a novel plot: it is about thraldom and dominance, about the power of the minor character whose influence on events is not noticed by the major actors in the drama until it is too late. Its real subject, though, isn't the historical past at all, it is the 1970s and the revenges which time itself has wrought on these puppets with famous names. In his closing chapters Matthews presents himself as Tiresias, sitting by Thebes below the wall musing on the vanity of human wishes and the folly of literary ambition. He is, he announces with some glee, now an old bore; half deaf, stiff-jointed, forgetful, covered in warts, moles and liver spots. He tells the same old stories like a worn-out gramophone record. He acknow-

NEW BOOKS FROM MARION BOYARS

FERDYURKE
by Witold Gombrowicz
The long-awaited re-issue of this famous novel by the prizewinning Polish author. Today it is accepted as one of the great novels about adolescence, its problems, its aspirations and its appetites.
£5.95

THE CULTURE GAP: AN EXPERIENCE OF GOVERNMENT AND THE ARTS
by Hugh Jenkins M.P.
Drawn extensively from official papers and his own personal diaries the former Minister for the Arts traces the successive attitudes shown by governments to the arts from the 19th century to the present day, highlighting his own controversial term of office.
£7.95 cased

STORY OF THE EYE
by Georges Bataille
Never before published in England this novel has been praised by critics as the sexual novel of our time. Together with two illuminating essays by Susan Sontag and Roland Barthes.
£5.95 cased

BEYOND BOOM AND CRASH
by Robert L Heilbroner
Why is capitalism so regularly disturbed by violent economic fluctuations? Why do these crises cause such panic and what does the present crisis bode for the future? A book of economics, psychology, history and morality. *Ideas in Progress* series.
£5.95 cased £1.95 paper

THE FACE BEHIND THE FACE
by Yevgeny Yevtushenko
Tr Arthur Boyars and Simon Franklin
An entirely new collection of poems by the celebrated Russian poet. 'Excellent translations . . . these poems beat and tumble and thrash about with life.' *Daily Telegraph.*
£6.95 cased £2.25 paper

MARION BOYARS PUBLISHERS
18 Brewer Street, London W1R 4AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ledges that he may be 'mad'. He has 'long ceased to be attractive to women, or even likeable'. There is something at once comic and heroic in his self-dispraise, and something villainous too.

For by it he earns the right to exercise a kind of frozen, cantankerous scorn on the world he once innocently hoped to win. Where is Schuyler now, with all his brilliance? Dead. His promise came to nothing. Where is Laura Riding (now Laura (Riding) Jackson)? Still in Wabasso, 'a cranky old fusspot'. Matthews's most withering slights, though, are held in reserve for Robert Graves, 'the only one [of us] who became a great public figure'. He has a wad of documentary evidence to prove that Graves's memory is failing. He is 'hopelessly addicted to coddling and flattery'. He 'still sprouts poems the way a dead man sprouts hairs and fingernails'. He 'has even convinced himself that he is still capable of arousing passionate love in young girls – a classically comic situation.' It is the noodle's final solace: only live long enough, and the heroes of your youth will turn to noodles too. The 'worst poet' and the best come finally to the same geriatric ward. Look at these crazy, bent and babbling oldsters – who would guess that there goes a man of genius and there a fool? As an ending to a book, this is as dark (and in its way effective) a one as any that Matthews's more gifted contemporaries ever contrived.

The content of the story is pure Fitzgerald – a chronicle of blighted innocence and eventual destruction. Its manner recalls another literary model: Kinbote's self-deluding and vindictive biography of Shade in Nabokov's *Pale Fire*. Like *Pale Fire*, too, *Under the Influence* contains an index which is really a secret narrative. Its version of events may best be seen by glancing at the entries under 'Matthews, T. S.':

> autobiographical writing and truth
> on Christ and Church
> on death
> and drinking
> girlfriends and lovers
> on God
> on life
> on love
> on old age
> self-appraisal
> sex and honeymoon
> skiing . . .

He is no fool about skiing.

Among this week's contributors:

EDWARD SAID teaches in the English Department at Columbia University, New York. He is the author of *Orientalism*, published by Routledge earlier this year.

JONATHAN RABAN'S books include *The Society of the Poem* and *Soft City*. His *Arabia Through a Looking Glass* is to be published by Collins in July.

NICHOLAS SHRIMPTON teaches English at the University of Liverpool.

PETER PORTER'S collection of poems include *Living in a Calm Country* and *The Cost of Seriousness*. He is at present working on a book about the city of Sydney.

RUSSELL DAVIES is due to become the television critic of the *Sunday Times*.

BLAKE MORRISON is on the staff of the *Times Literary Supplement*.

Russell Davies

Members Only

I, Etcetera by SUSAN SONTAG *Gollancz* £4.95

Naturally, these 'stories' of Susan Sontag's have something of the pawkiness and weight of a volume of essays. You would be startled if they didn't. Even if the prevalent superstition about Ms Sontag – folks do say her intelligence actually prevents her from seeing fewer than four sides of two questions at any one time – is a slander on her helpfulness as a stylist, there is still plenty in this book, from its shrink-redolent title onwards and inwards, to confirm that the lady will not let her mind alone. How can she? For she possesses the liberal intellect, within which imagination and desire are perpetually restrained, by conscience and by (that not altogether different thing) fear of one's own inauthenticity. This whole restless book represents 15 years of intermittent attempts to own up to the schizophrenic tangle.

It's a pity that of the eight pieces reprinted here, the first is easily the least inviting, partly because it is rather the sort of deskbound meditation you might expect from the book. In 'Project For A Trip To China', the evidence of the senses is so extensively pre-annotated by the critical faculties that Ms Sontag is able to conclude: 'Perhaps I will write the book about my trip to China before I go.' This is the kind of thing that makes a certain kind of reader (the kind who can quote chunks of *Lucky Jim*) yowl with pain; it is the conceit (literary) that borders on the conceit (moral), and the gnomic/pedantic mini-paragraphing of the ruminations does not help either. The next piece, 'Debriefing', offers, as its title suggests, only a partial escape from the aphoristic and bulletinesque form ('People are video-taping their bedroom feats, tapping their own telephones'); and the lament for a suicide friend has its surprisingly conventional moments, too close for comfort to what a kamikaze critic might call 'women's writing': 'Julia, plastic face in the waxy casket, how could you be as old as you were?'

But now Ms Sontag hits a satirical vein that runs almost to the end of the collection. 'American Spirits' is the enjoyably horrid tale of Miss Laura Flatface and her un-American fling with Mr Obscenity (fear not: she ascends finally to heaven, reconciled again to candy bars and parking lots, while her ex-husbands embrace below – is there a suggestion of Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller in all this?). There is a bold awfulness about Miss Flatface's prim history that the story which follows could have used: 'The Dummy', in which a world-weary executive replaces himself with an electronic impostor, and not just once but twice (one model to take over home life, the other to elope with the secretary), partakes a little of the mechanical nature of its subject: it's the kind of story *Playboy* would print as a half-hogging sop to female browsers.

'Baby', a story whose odd form imposes stricter control on the writer while demanding copious imaginative fill-in from the reader, seems exhilaratingly irresponsible by comparison. Here the scheme is that we are given the appellants' half of a day-to-day dialogue between worried parents (how many sets?) and the therapist/child psychologist they are consulting over their child-rearing problems. The result is a deliberately gorgeous chaos in which 'Baby's' age, aptitude and attitude shoot wildly up and down all imaginable scales while the parental plaints course through a correspondingly hilarious range of pieties, outrages and false liberalisms. They even run (as the story sickens) towards a taste for playing subversive bluffing games with the analyst's confidence. Fortunately, Ms Sontag has a real knack for talk, and achieves in it the real thinness – and energy and flow – of life:

> Squeamish about some things, yes. Baby threw up eating a soft-boiled egg because the white was runny. And he refuses to kiss his Aunt Rae – Bert's mother – because he says she has a black mole on her cheek.
>
> No, he isn't imagining it. She does have one. The kid's not a basket case, for God's sake.

A notably zany reinterpretation of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde' likewise comes most happily to life in the collision of two idioms: the earnest Jekyll's professional, seeking tone, and the snarling street-talk of the unwashed Hyde. The story itself takes quite a tortuous route to arrive at its denunciation of the 'cult of self-realisation', or whatever America currently calls it: it may even strike you as excessively ironic that Jekyll's campaign to establish and ratify his personal freedom lands him ultimately (close to peace of mind) in a prison cell with both his legs in plaster. But it is good to see Ms Sontag flirting here briefly with the dreadful joy of intellectual anarchy, before conscience closes in again for the last piece, 'Unguided Tour' – another case of

NEW STORIES 4

An Arts Council Anthology

Edited by Elaine Feinstein and Fay Weldon

New Stories 4, published jointly by Hutchinson, the Arts Council and P.E.N. contains the editors' selection of the best short stories submitted to them in the year, and includes work by (amongst others) Angela Carter, Ruth Fainlight, Archie Hill, Norman Levine, Robert Nye, Emma Tennant and Anthony Ward.

NEW STORIES 5

Writers are invited to submit up to two stories, not exceeding 10,000 words each, for consideration for publication in *New Stories 5*.

Stories should be sent to: The Editors, New Stories 5, c/o P.E.N., 7 Dilke Street, London SW3 4JE, by 30th June, 1979.

Only typescripts in duplicate, with name and address clearly marked on each copy, can be accepted. Please note that typescripts cannot be returned and no acknowledgements are sent.

Hutchinson Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travel just narrowing the mind enough to fracture the form. As in the China piece, perfectly honourable and large feelings about the de-liberating effects of 'just visiting' a place (and visiting oneself upon it) dribble out in coyly minced morsels.

The one piece I have omitted to mention is in every sense central to the book, which would have seemed a good deal more puzzling without it. 'Old Complaints Revisited' is the anguished confession of an anonymous and undefined (even as to sex) member of an equally blank-faced Organisation, which he/she longs to leave. Let's say 'she', however, because the sufferer is evidently, and even movingly, Ms Sontag, her 'Organisation' being the unwitting but world-wide conspiracy of helpless élitists: those who, merely by exercising their brains, grindingly define what the world shall be about. Perhaps it is a privilege to be a Member; but it is certainly exhausting. And in utter fatigue Ms Sontag achieves an unobstructed honesty:

> Perhaps if I rewrote what I've written here, it would be more convincing. If I could be lyrical! Unpredictable! Concise! In love with things as they are! But alas, this thin, overscrupulous voice is mine. And if I could change my voice, have written this differently, I would not be the person I am, I would not have the problem I have.

Regrettably (and Ms Sontag, of course, has predicted this herself) only Members will read this book.

Blake Morrison

Over the Garden Wall

Barbarians by DOUGLAS DUNN *Faber* £3
No Man's Land by WES MAGEE *Blackstaff Press* £1.95
That Singing Mesh by TERENCE TILLER *Chatto* £3
Collected Poems by F. T. PRINCE *Anvil Press* £5.95
All My Little Ones by GAVIN EWART *Anvil Press* £3.50

Douglas Dunn has a grudge. In his last collection, *Love or Nothing* (1974), he called it a grudge more 'lovely' than anyone else's. On another occasion, in the magazine *Stand*, he pictured it as a kind of animal, a pet-hate: 'My grudge is a good grudge. I can even take it out myself and sing to it; when I do that, my grudge purrs.' As the image suggests, Dunn has in the past kept his resentments fairly subdued: they miaow pleasantly around the reader's legs and mean no harm. Now, in *Barbarians*, he has let the cat out of the bag good and proper, so that the 'bitter ooze' of his grudge can be heard clearly for the first time. It is the grudge of a working-class writer against the bourgeoisie – those who 'come on with their "coals in the bath" stories/Or mock at your accent'. It is the grudge, also, of a Scot against the English. *Barbarians* allows these class and national loyalties to have their noisy way. There are poems about proletarian revolt, about the closing down of the Clydeside shipyards, and about ruling-class plunders at home and abroad: 'We worked their mines and made their histories./*You work, we rule*, they said.' Dunn takes special pleasure in repeating the word 'grudge' itself, perhaps because it sounds like a combination of two other words close to his socialist heart – 'greed' (what the exploiters are driven by) and 'drudge' (what the exploited are forced to do).

But the most interesting grudge in *Barbarians* is that which Dunn has against himself. For while his social and political affiliations dictate that he despise English middle-class culture, he can't help feeling an attraction towards it. Much guilty compromising ensues from this, with Dunn affecting boorishness but not managing to hate the art-collections of the rich. Dunn is also afraid that in making good as a poet and professional he has cut himself off from his own people. A sense of isolation was already there in his first collection, *Terry Street* (1969), where Dunn's lonely student persona is every bit as cut off from the Northern working classes as is Larkin's in, say, 'Here' and 'The Whitsun Weddings', and just as liable to draw them in Donald McGill-like caricatures. But the fear of isolation is nowadays much more pressing: having got himself over the glass-spiked garden-walls of the aristocracy, he's faced with the problem of how to let in his fellows. In 'The Come-On' he persuades himself that it can be done: addressing his class in the tones of a union rep ('Brothers, they say we have no culture'), he offers a dream of future spoils:

> One day we will leap down, into the garden,
> And open the gate – *wide, wide.*
> We too shall be kings' sons and guardians,
> And then there will be no wall:
> Our grudges will look quaint and terrible.

But the red Dunn and his red dawn lack conviction. He has too many orthodox liberal doubts about agitprop, and is too embarrassed by his own candour, to sustain this kind of polemic for long.

He is also too attracted to 'style' – another cause for self-reproach. The common view, of course, is that Dunn is a devotee of the plain and urban, his material the dogshit and fag-ends to be found on 'the backstreets of the universe', his style a kind of no-style of low-life realism. But for 'a poetry of nuts and bolts' (Dunn's own phrase again), there's a surprisingly soft-centred, fanciful and dream-like element in his work. In the middle of the hard-nosed title sequence comes the strang and powerful 'An Artist Waiting in Country-House', which promises a politica allegory, but acquires an Ashbery-lik impenetrability the longer it goes on. Dun has also in *Barbarians* made greater use tha before of traditional poetic 'settings' and o traditional rhyme and metre, as if to show tha he and his kind *do* 'have business with th rose'. This may not be the cop-out he fears but it does finally make for an uneven collec tion, one which slides from the splendid bar barian outspokenness of its opening int mannerism, wooden refrain and self-indulgen reminiscence.

Dunn's fellow-countryman Wes Magee ha been writing poetry for some time, but, at 4(he's still some way from finding his own voice In one of the poems in *No Man's Land* (eve the title sounds over-used) he's seen con tributing to a wall of graffiti: 'I add, "tha gong-tormented sea", and leave.' It's typica of Magee that he should have used someon else's line rather than his own: like mos graffiti-artists he copies rather than innovates re-writes rather than writes. Even his bes sequence, 'The Pig Poems', has its specifi sources – Seamus Heaney's 'The Earl Purges' and Ted Hughes's 'View of a Pig' This vigorous but dated-looking exercise i rural savagery begins with a one-sided matc between pigs and hens: 'Total war! Chicks wings the size of postage stamps,/are picke off like cream topping from meringues' Magee's view from the touchline purports t be one of 'urban-soft anguish' ('you'll see th pain in my eyes'), but so regular are th outbreaks of violence in his work that yo begin to suspect he gives rise to it. Swan attack a group of boys, their beaks slashin 'like razors'; a game of golf on the beach turn into the Battle of the Somme. Perhaps this is way of purging guilt over man's encroachmen on nature (nature is allowed its revenge), bu as a poetic genre it has had too long an vicious a run.

Terence Tiller's *That Singing Mesh* is a elaborate tease. Like Geoffrey Hill, wh recently invoked Eliot's theory of imperson ality, Tiller asks us not to read his lyrics a autobiographical. That in itself should b enough to make us try to, and Tiller taunts u still further by hinting at some personal crisis he will write no more poetry, he tells us, afte this collection. The poems themselves ar similarly tantalising: Tiller tempts us into hi verse-web, but the traps he has set – multi layered puns, sevenfold ambiguities, dens hyphenations – make it all but impossible fo us to come away with meaning: 'I have spu poems out of time and flesh,/webs I woul have you lie on.' There are some moments o discovery – flashes of warmth or openness o simplicity which, because so little expected one gratefully hangs on to. There are, toc occasional metaphors which declare rathe than conceal: an image of lovers 'closed o each other's flesh as flowers closed/upo themselves', an admission of desire for 'th cottage of the flesh, its lamplight,/its warmt of little walls, and supper waiting.' Bu reading most of these poems is like bein asked to disentangle a macramé shopping bag one would really rather not. Tiller, antici pating the objection to his intellectualism complains that 'most people no longer expec poetry to be learned', but neither as self justification nor as cultural history should thi be allowed to pass; what people expect, an

Wandsworth All-London Literary Competition

Prizes totalling £750 for poem, play or short story. Open to writers living, working or studying in London.

Closing date 1st June 1979.
Ring 01-223 5673 for entry form.

LONDON BOROUGH OF Wandsworth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rightly, is that a poet's learning be put to more useful and generous ends than it has been here.

Like Donald Macrae, Julian Grenfell and Henry Reed, F. T. Prince is one of that handful of poets whose fate it is to be remembered for a single war poem. In Prince's case this is especially sad since that poem, 'Soldiers Bathing', has not worn very well: from any post-1945 perspective, its supposed insights into the second world war – 'some great love is over all we do/And that is what has driven us to this fury' – look grossly inadequate. Prince has now brought together all he wishes to retain of his previously published work, plus one new poem, 'A Last Attachment', which is based on the manuscript of Sterne's *Journal to Eliza*. It's clear that no major talent has been overlooked, but this is an attractive collection, and it is useful to be able to follow the development from the early lyrics and dramatic monologues to the more recent poems based chiefly on academic sources.

Gavin Ewart won't mind being left until last, since it's in that spirit that his 'shortest poems' are offered – as liqueur chocolates to follow a more substantial meal. Short and sweet is the idea, but it would be difficult to produce a collection of this kind and not leave the occasional nasty taste. So, to get the uninviting ones out of the way, I didn't much go for the *Daily Mail* prejudices of 'Invasion' – 'Is it not passing brave to be a king/and charge in arabhood through Selfridges' – and wasn't much cheered by 'Dark Consolation' – 'Even the little battered baby,/as it lies dying in its cot,/has known moments of happiness'. But most of the other poems are about sex, on which Ewart is almost always good clean fun, or about poetry, which provides him with memorable one-liners on the Fullers ('among those masterly poems, some are schoolmasterly too') and on 'Women's Work' ('The moony womby poems that taste of blood'). Ewart recommends that the poems be digested one at a sitting, but that would mean taking three months to get through them, and there's enough variety in the forms (haiku, mock-odes, limericks, clerihews, epigrams) to prevent readers from too quickly becoming sated.

Blake Morrison

Theory of Heredity

The generations come down on you –
like football crowds when a goal is scored.

It began when a sperm, waving its
scarf excitedly,
tick-ticked its way in through the turnstile.

Now it's reached hundreds – parents, and
their parents,
and the ones before that, stacked on
the terraces

as high as sight, and you're at the bottom.
And when they heave like corn through
the afternoon

you will heave along with them, though
you thought
by now that you could go which
way you pleased.

Nicholas Shrimpton

Gloss

Frontiers by BERNARD LEDWIDGE *Weidenfeld* £5.50
The Elder by LESLIE EPSTEIN *W. H. Allen* £5.50
Camera Man by JOHN GALE *Hodder & Stoughton* £5.25
Night Tennis by ANNABEL DAVIS-GOFF *Hutchinson* £5.50

With the Russians in Kabul, and by all accounts in trouble, the Great Game has suddenly ceased to be a literary back number. Books about eagle-eyed Afridis crouched in ambush on the crags of the Tirsh have a topical interest which Bernard Ledwidge could scarcely have predicted when he sat down to write *Frontiers*. Moslem uprisings, the headlines remind us, aren't just something that happened in Kipling. Sir Bernard has impressive credentials for pronouncement on the subject. Latterly our man in Israel, he has been both Indian Army officer and Chargé d'Affaires in Afghanistan. His novel is equipped with a glossary of Pashtu words and two pages of helpful, though badly printed, notes. Alas, the plot limps home a long way behind the apparatus. Our hero is a pre-war Cambridge classicist intent upon the loss of his virginity. He decides, for some reason, that Nazi Germany is the appropriate spot for this achievement and, one hot summer night in 1939, just happens to be crouched outside the French windows as the blonde beasts rehearse their plans for world domination. Pausing only to rape a female SS officer, he arrives in the Khyber Pass in time to foil a Nazi invasion of India.

Wildly unsophisticated though this may sound, the book isn't merely an attempt to write an exotic thriller. *Frontiers* clearly has aspirations to be a serious study of Anglo-Indian life in the manner of John Masters and from time to time a nervous toe is even dipped into psychological waters. Is there, the hero wonders, such a thing as an Orestes Complex? Nothing, however, goes very deep and the moral standards are decidedly murky. It is apparently right to seduce the wife of an absent administrator, wrong to send anonymous letters informing him of the affair, and right to issue equally anonymous denunciations of the supposed letter-writer which ruin the career of an innocent third party. Mind you, in a book in which the approved method of seduction is a scholarly murmur of 'Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch'ich Gewalt', followed by a punch in the teeth, nothing can really come as much of a surprise.

The second world war has a rather more serious presence in Leslie Epstein's *The Elder*. Here the frontiers are not the glamorous landmarks of sex and the Himalayas but simply the walls which enclose a ghetto. This is an account of an imaginary Jewish community between September 1939 and the final journey to Auschwitz in autumn of 1944.

It was *Holocaust* which recently began to make this unspeakable subject speakable and this polished American novel is very much a post-*Holocaust* product. The reverent hush has gone. Even jokes (including a cruel parody of the Masada legend) can now be appropriately included in so dark a context. And the willingness of the television series to explore the thoughts and feelings not just of the oppressed but also of the oppressors has, I suspect, prompted Leslie Epstein's central concern. The core of *Holocaust* was its study of the young SS officer and the quiet carelessness with which he drifted into his monstrous trade. The hero of *The Elder* presents a still more acute human problem. I. C. Trumpelman is a Jewish doctor who becomes head of the Judenrat, the ghetto's internal administration. He is a Jew who participates in Hitler's Jewish policy.

His complex motives for this collaboration are explored with some care. The bravest and most illuminating moment of the book's argument comes when the Jewish underground, who have for years been fighting Trumpelman, themselves decide to sacrifice a man to the enemy for strategic reasons. Unfortunately this intricate moral question is frequently obscured by Trumpelman's bursts of megalomania. His early prowess as a faith healer has supposedly left him with Messianic ambitions. Though at times his actions arise from an agonised calculation of the best way in which to preserve a remnant of his people, he is increasingly driven by a mad wish to found a personal dynasty. In America this novel appeared as *King of the Jews*. That original title, prudently altered by the English publishers, was I fear all too relevant.

The professional gloss which may offend some readers of *The Elder* is also a feature of John Gale's *Camera Man*. Gale, until his untimely death in 1974, was of course a staff

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE CASE OF MR CRUMP

'Lewisohn's book has both extraordinary ferocity and extraordinary pathos... A great book.'
FRANCIS KING, The Spectator

'One of the few classic novels of this century'
C P SNOW, Financial Times

£5.95

Allen Lane

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer on the *Observer* and he brings to fiction an effortless flow of Sunday supplement prose. His hero, Peter Lochiel, is a middle-aged press photographer based in Hong Kong. For the first 30 pages it seems as if the book is to consist of nothing but oriental colour. But there is a hard centre to the easy descriptive zest. Lochiel is a happily married man who feels cut off from passion. Throughout the book he hovers on the threshold of love with Bollinda, an enigmatic ballet dancer. Ironically, feeling in the end finds him not by this conspicuously romantic route but by an undignified discovery of his wife's occasional unfaithfulness. *Camera Man* ends without solutions but with an unexpected serenity. John Heilpern, who edited it from John Gale's unfinished drafts, was right to cut it to novella length. It is slight but marvellously skilled.

Night Tennis by Annabel Davis-Goff is unfortunately just slight. Supposedly an account of the problems of the creative working woman, it is in fact a prolonged sensual wallow, all Janet Reger knickers and bottles of champagne. On her 43rd birthday Julia Page, American film-directress, falls for a handsome, heartless, aristocratic English teenager. While she's still worrying about her stretch marks, he pounces. Before we know where we are he's muttering 'I love you' into the back of her wardrobe. Towards the end there are some gestures towards seriousness. They have all the fierce integrity of a stroll through Harrods with someone else's credit card.

Peter Porter

Pope's Carnations Knew Him

But they knew they were on
duty, replacing
the Rose of Sharon and the lilies of
the field
for a gardener who never put a
foot wrong.

It was their duty to rhyme in colour,
to repeat their reds and pinks and shield
the English Rose with their
Italianate chiming.

He had such a way with the symmetry
of petals, he could make a flower yield
an epic from its one-day siege. His rows

Of blooms had their grotesques, but they
took the place of music. They bowed,
they kneeled,
they curtseyed, and so stood up
for prosody.

No wonder Smart learned from their
expansive
hearts that they loved the ordered,
the well-heeled
and ornate, the little poet with
the giant stride.

Each gossipy morning he sniffed
their centres
and they saw him: the lines of
paradise revealed.
God make gardeners better nomenclators.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

In the Lime-Pit

Bent *Royal Court*
For Services Rendered *Lyttelton*
Bodies *Ambassadors*

Some plays should be blind dates. So if you don't yet know the big surprise of Martin Sherman's *Bent,* but still propose to visit the Court, you should sit out the next few paragraphs, starting right here. It begins, you see, as if it was going to be just another clubby comedy of modern homosexual life, glancingly indebted to *The Boys in the Band.* The dressing gowns, the dowdy furniture, the hangovers, the bitchy jokes, the complaints ('I know pain is very chic now, but I don't like it') all suggest that we're doomed to spend our evening in some bachelor hideaway in Kentish Town, Tufnell Park, or the unfashionable end of Ladbroke Grove. But then comes the shock. A knock at the door; some indolent banter at the expense of the importunate landlord everyone presumes to be lurking outside; and in burst a couple of SS men, who proceed to cut the throat of the lissom blond cupid the master of the house brought home last night. This is Berlin 1934, and the long knives are out. Röhm is dead, the SA is being systematically massacred. To touch another man in the way of friendship or love is to risk being sterilised, castrated, imprisoned, or murdered.

The purpose of Mr Sherman's theatrical surprise is, of course, to emphasise to his audiences that these things happened in our time and our world. While Gielgud and Olivier were alternating Romeo and Mercutio in London, men were having pink triangles compulsorily sewn on to their lapels in Prussia and Westphalia. In the year Simon Gray was born, and John Osborne blew out the candles on his sixth birthday cake, the first of an estimated half-million homosexuals were being shunted off to eventual annihilation in the concentration camps. There are times when Mr Sherman's attempts to particularise his horrors seem lurid and extravagant: the gay man forced to have sex with the corpse of a 13-year-old girl; the Nazi ogre rubbing his cheek after a particularly capricious murder and indignantly snarling, 'He scratched me'. Yet the magnitude of the atrocity tends, justly or unjustly, to reduce such complaints to the niggling niceties of a sheltered mind. How can a critic presume to accuse hell of being melodramatic? Or anything that occurred in or around Dachau of being improbable? 'This isn't happening,' echoes Ian McKellen's whey-faced Max as he listens to some of the most horrific screams I've heard in any theatre; but the weight of the evidence is against him.

Mr Sherman's aim isn't only to disinter an evil often swamped in our memories by the quantitively still greater wrong done the Jews: it's also to strike a blow for the human, and especially the homosexual, spirit in extremis. The history of his Max is, at least until the end, unsentimentally conceived and morally contradictory. He escapes from subterranean Berlin into the Wagnerian forests with a male dancer in tow, refuses a ticket to safety in Holland because there isn't a second one for this friend, yet ends up compliantly beating him to death on the cattle train to Dachau. Once there, he wangles himself a yellow star because he thinks the Jews a privileged class, and ekes out his working days carrying rocks from point A to point B and back again. When his new friend, a proclaimed homosexual named Horst, is offhandedly slaughtered by a scarred sadist, he leaps after him into the lime-pit, puts on his overcoat, and proceeds rather literally to 'come out'. Emblazoned at last with the pink triangle, he flings himself backwards on to an electric fence, and burns.

It is always hard to accept someone's transformation from mere man into crusading symbol; and men don't come much merer than the spoiled slyboots Mr McKellen presents us in the first scene. Yet his is a steadily darkening and (I think) deepening performance, one that communicates a sticky, clammy horror at the evils multiplying outside and, almost worse, festering within. Not many actors could plausibly confess to necrophilia with a minor. Nor could many cope with the demands of Mr Sherman's trickiest scene, the one in which Tom Bell's scrawny, fistula-faced Horst and McKellen's Max bring one another to orgasm by the simple ruse of standing to attention and using their verbal imaginations. That the audience spontaneously applauded this potentially ludicrous but actually very touching encounter says much for the concentration and power of both actors, as it does for Mr Sherman's writing, which is over-dependent on mannered repetitions but never reckless with reality. The result of their combined efforts still isn't quite the persuasive advertisement for gay pride they may have hoped, but it is something not to be despised, a V-sign defiantly flourished at all forms of oppression.

'We none of us have anything very much to worry about,' trumpets Maugham's paterfamilias at the end of Michael Rudman's admirable production of *For Services Rendered.* 'The world is turning the corner and we can all look forward to better times in the future. This old England of ours isn't done yet, and I for one believe in it and all it stands for.' The only trouble, though he doesn't yet know it, is that his wife is dying of cancer, his eldest daughter has been reduced by the suicide of the man she loved into a down-market imitation of the mad Ophelia, his youngest is about to run away with a married man twice her age, and his son, who was blinded in the Great War, has just delivered himself of a blazing attack on this old England of theirs. The actor charged with spouting these gruesome platitudes is Leslie Sands, who could be forgiven a touch of paranoia, since he's the one the National regularly seems to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choose whenever the text calls for some lunatic extreme of chauvinist complacency. Maybe you recall him in J. B. Priestley's *Eden End,* looming, beaming, and reassuring his fellow-Edwardians that there wouldn't be a war because 'the world's got a lot more sense than it's given credit for. And it's got science now to help it'.

Actually, this is an apter comparison than it might seem. Maugham's conscious debt in the play is to Chekhov, down to the three sisters who spend the evening fretting at the cloistered relationships and claustrophobic horizons of their provincial rat-trap. But try as he may, and succeed though he sometimes does, he mostly remains a two-dimensional talent competing in a three-dimensional league. The playwright he persistently calls to mind is the author of *Eden End, Time and the Conways* and *An Inspector Calls.* Yet *For Services Rendered* arrived in London in 1932, some years before the first of those dedicated denunciations of our native insularity and smugness. The worldly-wise mandarin from Cap Ferrat was playing John the Baptist to the young Yorkshire socialist, not a very likely collaboration either politically or theologically.

What's more, Maugham's play touches on a subject that Priestley has always funked as a dramatist: the trauma of a war in which he watched his generation being 'sliced into sausage meat held above a swill bucket'. There are three voices in *For Services Rendered* that speak with absolute authenticity, three characters who come with the Sutherland portrait tattooed somewhere out of sight on their bodies, as proof of the genuineness of their emotions – or the genuine lack of them. One is the ailing mother, played with a grim self-sufficiency by Jean Anderson, and facing her coming death as if it were a formal banquet it would be uncouth to miss. The second is Elizabeth Romilly's bland and knowing baby doll, who has fed elopement, adultery and scandal into the calculator she keeps upon her shoulders, and reckons she will find them a mathematical gain. The third and most striking is the sightless son, played by Harold Innocent on or just over the boundary between irony and contempt:

> I know that we were the dupes of the incompetent fools who ruled the nations. I know that we were sacrificed to their vanity, their greed, and their stupidity. And the worst of it is that as far as I can tell they haven't learnt a thing. They're just as vain, just as greedy, just as stupid as they ever were. They muddle on, muddle on, and one of these days they'll muddle us all into another war.

At about this point Maugham's dispassion suddenly and surprisingly expands into anger, his customary cynicism into a bitterness that isn't to be found anywhere else in his dramatic work or, for that matter, anywhere in J. B. Priestley's. It is enough to send us out of the National feeling that we've kept company, not with the entertainment machine he so often and accurately boasted of being, but with a plausible member of the human race.

And briefly, too briefly, James Saunders's *Bodies* is an energetic debate about the Skinnerian paradise, a life from which all despair, hope, anxiety and art have been hygienically extracted. The trouble, as I felt when I saw it at Hampstead, is that its ideas are based on a dreary tale of everyday adulteries; but there's still no doubting the excellence of Dinsdale Landen's anti-hero, a turkey-cock halfway through the process of being strangled – gobbling, squawking, and flinging his feathers around the domestic farmyard in impotent protest against the deep-freeze in which he expects soon to be trapped.

Films

John Coleman

Miss Froy Rides Again

The Lady Vanishes (A) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
The Tree of Wooden Clogs (U) *Curzon*
Comes a Horseman (AA) *London Pavilion*
The Class of Miss MacMichael (AA) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue; Classic, Oxford Street; Scene*

To begin at the end, our own Anthony Page – whose three-year-old *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* recently came to town to mixed reviews (at least, my review was mixed) – has made a pretty skilful, appealing and courageous job of *The Lady Vanishes.* 'I want it to seem to people rather like one of those rather dream-like and thoroughly escapist films they used to see on Saturday mornings when young.' What he does not want is comparisons with the 1938 Hitchcock movie of the same name. But *that* was as escapist and dream-like as they come, too, and really one can't just shove it – a prized possession – out of mind. Nor, in fact, have Mr Page and his writer, George Axelrod, done any such thing. Both films (the Hitch original by Launder and Gilliat) were drawn from a novel by Ethel Lina White and that certainly had no such characters as the ineffable duo of Charters and Caldicott, deeply concerned to get home from the Balkans for the last day of a Test Match. They were a beloved importation, so superbly funny in Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne that they, like Falstaff, came back twice more by popular demand. Thank God they are in the Axelrod script as well, neatly found in Arthur Lowe and Ian Carmichael. So are the high-heeled nun, the name written on a misty train window, the crucial tea packet, the drugged drinks, and a dozen other touches. But these may well have been in the novel.

For the under-fives, the outlandish story concerns the disappearance of nice elderly Miss Froy en route through Europe to London. A girl, here Amanda (Cybill Shepherd), finds herself at the centre of a conspiracy of oblivion: for various reasons, all the train passengers and personnel deny the old lady's existence. Only one fellow, here Robert (a muted Elliott Gould), is finally persuaded by the distraught Amanda. It turns out Miss Froy has an important message, encoded in a few bars of music, to ferry home. The timing of the Hitchcock film coincided with the mood of Munich – sorry, Mr Page – and the new *Lady* has been brightly enough translated to a departure from Bavaria in August, 1939, with troops everywhere and the Nazis the enemy: it makes more sense out of a merrily nonsensical plot and the tone is maybe a little grimmer. But the big change is in the relationship between bewildered girl and slowly convinced chap. Miss Shepherd is encouraged to do a mini-Carole Lombard, a 'much/married madcap American heiress' to the tabloids, first discovered delivering an ill-timed impression of Hitler and thrown on her head by local Brownshirts, wandering throughout the event sans bra in a backless white evening dress and fur coat, snarling, 'Shut up, swine,' to poor Mr Gould, a *Life* photographer. Some of their banter has a Thirtyish lilt and zing and they play smoothly together. Angela Lansbury, however, and as usual, walks off with the expensive-looking affair as Miss Froy. The locations and the train are handsomely photographed by Douglas Slocombe. But memory goes on insisting on the tricky superiority of the Hitch.

Ermanno Olmi's *The Tree of Wooden Clogs,* all 180 minutes of it, might be read as a quietistic riposte to the high melodramatics of Bertolucci's *1900.* Set in a Lombard farmstead at the end of the last century, it is probably more usefully categorised as a series of folklorish vignettes about the essential, accepting passivity of the local peasantry, often staggeringly beautiful – as in several misty dawn scenes and the passage of a river barge, sometimes just plain blurry in the print I saw. Fragments, high and low points, in the lives of several families are unsentimentally presented and, with due respect to John Mortimer's excellent and excellently funny piece on documentary in last week's NS, 'interpreted by peasants and other people from the Bergamo countryside', proving that a director who knows his business can get quite extraordinary effects from non-professionals. The title, by the way, comes from one of the most affecting and crucial of the interwoven family 'stories'. Reluctantly, one Batisti takes the priest's advice that little Minek, his son, should go to school. As he trudges home one evening, the child's clog breaks. Batisti chops down a young poplar by night to make him another. Late on in the film, the act is reported to the local landlord; the bailiff moves in; Batisti and his family, possessionless, are last seen leaving by cart, its tiny light glimmering far away in the dark while neighbours gently gather to watch. One watches *passim* in much the same fashion: a shy village wooing and wedding; a grandfather collecting chicken droppings secretly to grow early tomatoes; a 'sign-woman' weirdly curing a man having a fit over a lost coin; a widow saving a sick cow with holy water and prayer. It could go on forever and seems to. Respecting and admiring much, I was irritated by more.

Alan J. Pakula's *Comes a Horseman* – Montana in the closing months of World War II – is an utterly peculiar and pretentious attempt to revive (some would propose, to offer a critique of) my least favourite genre, the Western. Oil interests war with the cattle market. There is a gigglesome *grand guignol* finale. Jason Robards is preposterous, James Caan a laconic pain: only Jane Fonda, radiant, blazing, affords relief for the eye and even a little credibility. As for Silvio Narizzano and his American producer-writer, Judd Bernard, responsible for *The Class of Miss MacMichael,* which purports to show daily life in a London school for delinquents, they should not be given a thousand lines: they should have them all taken away – now. This is dirty drivel. Dear Glenda Jackson: why?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jazz

Charles Fox

Savoy Sessions

The Changing Face of Harlem, Vols. 1 & 2 (2 LPs each) *Arista* £4.99
Charlie Parker: 'The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions' (5 LPs) *Arista* £15.99
Charlie Parker: 'Bird: Master Takes' (2 LPs) *Arista* £4.99
Fats Navarro: 'Fat Girl' (2 LPs) *Arista* £4.99
Dexter Gordon: 'Long Tall Dexter' (2 LPs) *Arista* £4.99

The right kind of dates can be nearly as potent as cheap music. For example, 1917, 1926, 1940 and 1945 are calculated to trigger-off responses from most NS readers, but for jazz *aficionados* those years also conjure up, respectively, the earliest jazz 78 (by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band), classic sessions by Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Cootie Williams going off to join Benny Goodman (the *Melody Maker*'s headline, COOTIE QUITS THE DUKE, coincided with the worst week of the Blitz), and Charlie Parker's first records, signalling a take-over by the beboppers. The last-named event was important for other – social – reasons too. It was not just a matter of young musicians trying to upset the Harlem bourgeoisie by wearing berets, goatee beards, floppy ties; nor the fact that at least a handful became Moslems (William Evans turned into Yusef Lateef, Art Blakey into Abdullah Ibhn Buhaina). Bebop was one symptom of a change within black society, part of the move from obeisance to militancy. The status of the jazz musician was changing too – for, as usual, both better and worse. The entertainer, intent on pleasing an audience, was being replaced by the artist, out to satisfy himself.

Jazz, essentially a performing art, can only be preserved on records. And between mid-1942 and the autumn of 1944 the American Federation of Musicians banned its members from working for the major record companies (a disastrous tactic, for it allowed the singers to take over). Small, independent companies began to be formed, signing with the union – and also showing more inclination to take a chance with music that was local and new. One of these was Savoy, started by Herman Lubinsky, who certainly had no plans for becoming a patron of the arts. He was 'not among the most beloved men in the music industry' reveals one sleeve-note writer, while Teddy Reig, who produced Charlie Parker's sessions, is even less charitable ('He was known up and down The Street as a cheap bum! He'd come into a joint like The White Rose, spread out his contracts and have an office! He'd never buy a glass of water!'). Yet, often against the boss's instincts, Savoy recorded an immense amount of good jazz.

There had to be a musical status quo, of course, for the beboppers to react against. It's represented here by the two volumes of *The Changing Face of Harlem*, mostly small group jazz by musicians who had made their names in the 1930s. Many were hostile to bebop, feeling that it threatened their jobs and reputations. Others dropped in from time to time at Minton's Playhouse, the rather dowdy Harlem Club where most of the experimenting went on (an earlier headquarters had been Clark Monroe's Uptown House, 16 blocks further north). One who did was Hot Lips Page, most handily described as a lusty singer and trumpeter, particularly exultant when playing blues. There's even a reminder that World War II was still going on ('Fritz and Tojo sure got themselves in a jam') in Page's mini-hit, 'Uncle Sam Blues', included in Volume 1. (Page leads two bands on that album, one of them containing Big Sid Catlett, the greatest – and busiest – of pre-bop drummers.) Both volumes exhibit samples of Frankie Newton, another trumpeter adept at balancing violence and delicacy (he also provided an earlier NS jazz critic with a graceful pseudonym). Stuff Smith (on Vol. 2 only – and hardly in top form) bows so aggressively that his violin sounds more like a tenor saxophone. And the overweight Pete (really James Ostend) Brown pushes and puffs his way through alto solos that define what people mean when they reminisce about Harlem jump bands.

Volume 1 has Charlie Parker, his style already mature, surfacing on a 1944 session by a quintet led by Tiny Grimes (he was Art Tatum's regular guitarist), using a swing-era rhythm section. But for the first session under his own leadership – on 26 November 1945 – Parker had Max Roach on drums, as well as Miles Davis (sounding slightly doleful in those days) sharing the trumpet work with Dizzy Gillespie. The 30 Parker tracks on the 2-LP set all present versions issued at the time – and include such little masterpieces as 'Ko-Ko', 'Parker's Mood' and 'Now's The Time'. The 5-LP set is a variorum edition: the briefest of abandoned 'takes' are there, as well as full-length but rejected ones. Where most jazz performers are concerned this could make tiresome listening, but Parker, like Louis Armstrong in the 1920s, perpetually came up with totally fresh solos. (It is fascinating, incidentally, to hear Mammon actually at work: the first take of 'Ko-Ko', based on the chords of 'Cherokee', has the musicians sticking too closely to Ray Noble's original melody, but whistles and shouts from the control room speedily put paid to any risk of royalties going to an outsider.)

If bebop reflected some of the changes in black society, it also – and more unhealthily – created an hermetic in-group of its own, a hip fraternity which often cultivated bad habits. That Parker coped with his life-style for so long is a tribute to his constitution, his ability to ride the punches. Among those not so lucky was Fats Navarro, only 26 when he died in 1950, yet a trumpeter whose solos crackled as well as sang, no copier of Dizzy but a musician who might very well have surpassed him had day-to-day living turned out differently.

Trumpeters and alto saxophonists were the first of the horn players to adapt to the complications of the new jazz. Tenor saxophonists took longer; surprisingly, perhaps, as otherwise their instrument dominated small group jazz in the 1940s. *The Changing Face of Harlem* offers several of the old school: Ben Webster, not quite so honey-sweet as he became later; Illinois Jacquet, derided as a squealer but nowadays viewed as pioneering the use of harmonics; Don Byas, slippery as an elver ('I play the sexophone' he once boasted). But the man who cottoned on quickly was Dexter Gordon. Six feet five (it explains the album's title), he developed a tough, bony sound, combining something of both Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young in a style which seemed perfectly attuned to what was going on during 1945, the year that bebop came to stay.

Sport

Russell Davies

Rice Krispy

Last year's was a very good Cup Final, if only because Ipswich played so well. If they'd scored two or three more goals – from Wark's efforts against the post, for example – it would have been that rare thing on big-match occasions these days, a real 'drubbing'. I rather expect this year's event to go the same way. Arsenal's defence is a year older, and the younger parts of it look no wiser: the cover is fundamentally poor, being clumsy on the turn, surprisingly slow to re-form after the overlap, and, worst of all, subject to bouts of desperation when threatened on the wings. Both Rice and Nelson have been so regularly roasted that they must by now have taken on the krispy-krunchy consistency of old peanuts. Of Young, the best that can be said is that he deserves Jordan, and vice versa. O'Leary can't be everywhere. Sunderland, however, is a very smooth striker, whose game appears, from what I have seen of it, to benefit more than most from a well-groomed pitch. If Brian Greenhoff really is out, then Sunderland is the man most likely to profit by the United reshuffle.

The other Greenhoff, if completely fit, will play superbly, as usual, especially if he gets the extra few feeds from Thomas. But Thomas had a less than wonderful game for Wales last week, and may be additionally discouraged by the catastrophic Irish tackles to which he will be subject early on. A lot depends, as ever, on whether Coppell again reaches the level of form he has been reportedly maintaining in recent weeks. He is a curious player, not at all over-gifted as a shuffle-and-feint artist, and not so lightning-fast, either, as to make a consistent success of the push-and-go wing game; yet by persistence and strength, and a refusal to be deflected from his not unobvious path, he wins matches. He is also scoring again from acute angles, and though Jennings is not the most likely keeper to be fooled, he has shown some signs of slowing down this season,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both in his decision-making on high crosses and in getting down to the dipping, bouncing shot (in which half the United players specialise, oddly enough). Jennings's last game at Wembley, in Northern Ireland's defeat by England, was something to keep very quiet about. United's Bailey, mind you, palmed in a graceful own goal earlier this week; but earlier this week is the proper time to work the gremlins out of one's Sepp Maier Stick-A-Sole Oven Gloves.

The best player on the park, you cry, will surely be Liam Brady. I hope so; in that case, we shall have a game. Last year he was unfit, it was said – but he was also paralysed by the desire to live up to his billing (boosted yet higher this time by his Player of the Year award), and temperaments do not change in 12 months. It would be nice to see the kind of game that Brady would not be rushed out of; but with United around, that is just the sort of game he must expect. As a matter of fact, Brady is just the player the capering United outfit needs to give it a bit of guile – so if Arsenal should win, and Brady is patently the man responsible, a monster offer may well be forthcoming from Old Trafford. However, I expect United to win. The Papal telegram should arrive about 5 p.m., to the accompaniment of puffs of white smoke from the top of Dave Sexton's head.

Scratching around for small mercies to be thankful for, I suppose one could say that one of the less disastrous aspects of last week's debacle at the polls is the loss of Denis Howell as Minister for Sport. I am not so literal-minded as to believe that a Sports Minister should present himself as a perspiring jogger attired from top to toe in the fruit of the Adidas loom; but at the same time, Denis's wobbly Midland cheeks, and complacency to match, fitted him too well for the role as our - man - in - the - astrakhan - with - the gin - and tonic - in - the - Directors - Box. Besides, he was, as meteorological witch-doctor, generally so busy rattling amulets and bones in an attempt to turn hailstones into heatwaves and back again that any concentration he might have brought to bear on a sensible government sports policy went for nothing. He will be remembered for having struck up with David Coleman a TV relationship almost as chatty and chaffy as the one Robin Day used to maintain with [*sub judice*]; but being able to pass the time of tube merrily with Coleman is not so central a plank in the tactical edifice of Sportsministership as once it might have been.

What we want from the new minister – since we live in a age of 'guidelines' – is a new and clear set of same on the current expectations of 'amateur' sports adminstrations. Rugby can probably look after itself, but I sense that the athletics picture, what with scholarships and sinecures and sponsored training programmes on the other side of the world, is getting sillier and sillier. In whose Olympic performance is one going to take a pride next year, and why? Because one stuck a fiver in his training fund appeal box? Because he was born in one's home town, shortly before the University of West Dakota snapped him up for its Human Engineering course? I become increasingly despondent about the Olympics, and I look to some silly old Tory purist to give a reassurance that we are going to drop out of the medals race altogether, sooner than produce specialised monsters with nothing in their heads but stop-watch readings and nothing in their bodies but somebody else's hormones.

Television

Julian Barnes

Houseproud

In television terms the most significant line of the Election was spoken by Alastair Burnett, midway through his mammoth but impressively bright-eyed stint: 'Bolton East has certainly lost its reputation now,' he declared. Those of us still awake stirred on our viewing couches and raised a ragged cheer: for it meant the happy chop for 'the Granada 500'. These were not, as you might imagine, a group of persecuted Caribbean dissidents, but a cross-section of Bolton East, and a couple of days before the Election they'd been ferried to London by *World in Action* as a key piece of parliamentary litmus-paper. The constituency, apparently, has cast its spaniel vote for the winning side in every post-war general election. But not this time. They plumped for Big Jim, so that's *their* last free coach trip up to Smoke. If there was any psephological lesson to be learned this time round, it was that the swinging prong of Robert Mackenzie is still way out in front.

Faced locally with a rock-solid Labour candidate running on a papist anti-abortion ticket, I had no choice but to spoil my ballot-paper. Inspired by Vivienne King's splendid *Horizon* film (BBC-2), I wrote in 'Daniel K. Ludwig'. If we are to be ruled by a capitalist clique, I argued, why not go the whole hog and appoint this benevolent American zillionaire who's spending his early eighties trying to replant a section of Amazonian forest with more efficient trees; who's reclaimed tracts of delta, planted clever strains of rice, built a village for his employees and provided them with free education and medical treatment. Any initial instinct to yell against intercontinental corporate exploitation was stilled by a few simple questions: which way does the money flow? what do the locals think about it? what is intended to happen eventually to the project? On these points Ludwig (who naturally, being a multi-millionaire, is a camera-shy recluse, but atypically is far from crazy) appears to be on the right side. The only thing this surprising and instructive film lacked was a soil scientist to assess objectively just what Ludwig might or might not be doing to the long-term prospects of the land. There are, doubtless, major villains in the Amazon basin; Ludwig seemed pretty clean.

I tuned in to the last episode of William Trevor's *Matilda's England* (BBC-2) with some apprehension; and did so largely, indeed, out of the need for a moral purge after giggling helplessly at every one of Spike Milligan's mad jokes on *Q8* (BBC-2) about blacks, Irish, the police and the disabled ('Is this a police station?' 'I hope so, otherwise I've been taking bribes on false pretences'; 'Fish and chips twice,' says the customer in the Irish restaurant, to which the waiter replies, 'I heard you the first time'). The first part of Trevor's trilogy about the successive occupants of a Somerset manor-house – opening out on to larger themes of memory, Englishness and the emotional aftermath of war – had relied more than it should have done on caressing shots of the countryside backed by Britten string music. Bits of it reminded you of *Great Expectations*; bits of *The Go-Between*. It had you reaching into your lexicon for all those words like resonant, muted, underplayed, understated – until, that is, you realised that what you rather wanted was for it all to be a bit more stated, a bit more played; it needed to resound less and sound more; in short, what it needed was for someone to come along with a horse-syringe and give it a whopping injection of plot.

I guiltily ducked most of the second episode in favour of the European Cup semi-final ('whoppingly injected with plot' – Russell Davies). By the third play, Matilda – the farmworker's child who strikes up an awed, familiar relationship with the lady of the manor, Mrs Ashburton – had grown into Anna Calder-Marshall. She marries Ralphie, the tweeded, pipe-smoking supertubby son of a family of rich porkers who have bought the manor-house; in truth, she is marrying the house, in order to grasp and freeze her own past. At first Ralphie indulges this tense obsession; even puts up with her denying him marital comfort. Then, while he gradually buys up the village, she becomes distant, strange; she complains about him with winningly crazy logic to her old schoolmistress – 'He has a way of reading the paper . . . First he reads one page, and then another . . . And he *rustles* the pages . . .'

Mr Trevor charts her growing derangement – leaving it open quite how willed it is – with awesome precision. As her relationship with Ralphie crumbles, she loses her memory for the present, yet retains and refines it for the past. 'The nice thing about memories is that you can pick and choose,' Mrs Ashburton (Celia Johnson, grandly puffing on a ciggy like a hooked-up junkie) had commented to her in the first episode; Matilda now picks and chooses her present as well as her past. The climax, in which she breaks up Ralphie's party, burns his gaiters, and hurls the food about, had an extraordinary ferocity. Making mad people either moving or frightening isn't too hard; making them both at the same time is a rare achievement. Backing Anna Calder-Marshall's brilliantly taut Matilda was Rowland Davies as her blubbery, and finally blubbing husband; plus, among much fine talent, notable performances from Pat Keen and Pam St Clement.

A sense of humour among programme planners isn't all that common, so I'm delighted at the new trend of ironic credit-titles emanating from BBC Bristol. Last week's *World About Us* on cats was photographed by Maurice Tibbles; this week's *The River Keeper* – a documentary about Lord Mountbatten's fish-tender – was narrated by Tom Salmon. Bristol's future plans? Well, I couldn't help noticing that the film editor of *The River Keeper* was none other than a certain Phil Mutton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dance

Bryan Robertson

Living Doll

The Sadlers Wells wing of the Royal Ballet has distinguished itself consistently during the spring season at the Wells (ending on Saturday) by its ability on two fronts. First, the *corps de ballet* has proved that it can match the disciplined energy and imaginative intelligence of the principal dancers: Barbieri, Larsen, Samsova, Highwood, Last, Tair, Lorrayne and Strike; and Messrs Kelly, O'Brien, Ashmole, Jefferies, Dubreuil and Myers. The range of untiring physical prowess and dramatic flair shown by these leading performers is well known and forms my second front of distinction, but their brilliance in a commensurately wide assortment of roles is muffled or distorted if the supporting actors aren't up to scratch.

At the Wells, the precise teamwork shown by the *corps* has been notable, beginning with the choreographically revised and visually refurbished production of *Coppélia*, which now has the best sets and costumes, by Peter Snow, that I've seen. This designer has caught the exact visual note of fairy-tale, rustic Bohemia as seen through French eyes – the ballet was first performed in 1870 at the Opéra with Saint-Léon's choreography, Délibes' delightful music (everyone's been humming it from infancy without always knowing the source), after a tale by Hoffman. And what a tale: pretty girl and dashing lad, another pretty girl but demurely unattainable, forever reading through downcast lashes a book on a balcony. She's a real, living doll, the creation of the obsessed Dr Coppélius, whose mysterious workshop is invaded by our dashingly inquisitive lad, who's also lustful, only to be confronted by his own pretty girl, disguised as a less amenable doll, to teach him a lesson.

Feminist readers will perhaps be pleased to learn that *Coppélia* was among the first great works of art with universal appeal to strike a blow against the male-chauvinist concept of the sexy but docile and silent doll. If, in my experience of real-life situations, comparable dénouements and come-uppances lead straight to the divorce courts, in *Coppélia* everyone finally dances about cheerfully in the village square round a new and preposterous clock, the significance of which continually eludes me. The performance that I saw was graced by the incomparable Barbieri as the wittily resourceful Swanilda, Dubreuil as an athletic and mischievous but never coy Franz, and Denis Bonner as Dr Coppélius, more bothered and scatty than evil. Under Barry Wordsworth, the orchestra played Délibes' music with as much spirit as if it had just been composed specially for the occasion. *Coppélia* was performed in the US in 1887, nearly 20 years before its London première in 1906 at the Empire Theatre (with Adeline Genée as Swanilda), but English audiences have always loved it as one of those enjoyable works that we take the children to see as an alibi for our own pleasure. This production, enlivened by some additional and excellent dances by Peter Wright for the last act, could well become London's annual witty answer to the famous and dull New York *Nutcracker* at Christmas.

Two new works deserve comment. The young choreographer David Bintley (whose *Take Five* with Seymour slouching, slinking, strutting and high-kicking in fishnet tights in the best Zizi Jeanmaire-Minelli style to the Brubeck piece so artfully lit up the 80th birthday evening for de Valois back in the winter) has devised *Meadow of Proverbs* to weakly arch-Gallic folksy music by Milhaud. The set of dances make their points agreeably enough, but the inky sea or field and rosy brown boulders in conjunction with the le Nain-derived costumes come across like extensions of Minton's Forties pastorales (but aren't a patch on even, say, his poetic and informative illustrations for Mrs David's Mediterranean cookbooks). *Meadow* is bright enough as a company vehicle for touring but isn't really up to London standards. Similar misgivings attend the revival of Cranko's fussy and coy *Card Game* in which an Alice-in-Wonderland bunch – hardly a pack – of would-be cards fool and mug around endlessly to one of Stravinsky's most pointedly sophisticated scores (1936) which the ballet traduces. Good for the provincial panto circuit maybe, but nowhere else.

The other work is fine if slight: *Rhyme nor Reason* by Michael Corder to another Stravinsky masterwork, the crisply elegaic *Dumbarton Oaks* concerto grosso of 1938 – but written, I always believed, for Lillie P. Bliss and not for Robert Woods Bliss as stated in the programme and whose Washington DC estate it certainly does commemorate. Two men and three girls prance, saunter, skip, shimmy and indolently but majestically form *pas de deux, trois, quatre* and *cinq* in a glow of orange light, like three naughty graces jostling for space and attention with two cheekily energetic gladiators. It's a slight diversion, but it's one of the few English works after Ashton's pioneer examples in the Thirties and Forties to get away with jazzy inflexions without embarrassment.

Weekend Competition

No 2565 **Set by Fatboy**

Can we have extracts, please, from a major critical article by either F. R. Leavis or William Empson about some opuscule normally beneath their notice: e.g. *Fungus the Bogeyman, The Book of Private Eye Covers, The Best of Beachcomber, Superwoman, The Penguin Guide to Bargain Records*, J. P. R. Williams's autobiography, and so on. Up to 150 words by 29 May.

Result of No 2562 **Set by Jerry Attrick**

We asked for extracts from the slim, but theoretically possible, correspondence between Evelyn Waugh and D. H. Lawrence.

Report **by Dan Drough, B.Sc.**

No room, alas, for me because of a fine response from you, including a terribly probable piece of Cruttwell-baiting from Martin Fagg. A coroner's apiece.

Dear Mr Lawrence,

I write on behalf of the Dean, Mr C. R. M. F. Cruttwell, to ask whether you – as a proponent of sexual explicitness in both art and letters – would honour us by lecturing to the assembled college on this gripping theme. I suggest next Sunday week at 6 p.m. in Chapel – in place of our accustomed Evensong. The Dean is himself deeply interested in sex, being, as you are doubtless aware, one of the most seasoned exponents of bestiality south of the Trent. Indeed, so pronounced are his proclivities that pet owners as far off as Abingdon are obliged to take the most extraordinary precautions to protect their cherished ones from his totally unbridled appetites. Anticipating your acceptance, I have already reserved a double room at the Randolph Hotel, where you will, I trust, feel free to incur unlimited expenses, provided only that they are charged *wholly* to Mr Cruttwell who, I need hardly add, looks forward to welcoming you in a state of well-nigh drivelling excitement.

Yours most truly,
(Miss) Evelyn Waugh
MARTIN FAGG

Dear Miss Waugh,

Permit an older, though darkly male, hand to offer congratulations on a vivid, life-loving novel.

Beneath the glittering carapace I feel the organic growth of a mystical love of mankind, a love that goes beyond individuals, friends and relatives, particularly wives; an imprecise love that fumes and burns flamily.

Let's make it particular over tea. Look, I have some New Mexican rattlers, serpents whose tongues flick flick with quick life beyond the symbolic. Or we could watch the deep dark soft violets come through.

D. H. Lawrence

Sir,

Thank you for your communication. I am not in the habit of accepting invitations from those who praise, or dispraise, my work; even war heroes with a penchant for fancy dress.

E. Waugh Esq.
ROY KELLY

Dear Miss Waugh,

About that absurd moron-critic review of your life of Rossetti. I unearthed last year's Times Literary Supplement, remembering the nauseating, lily-livered mouthings of their resident baboon, squatting on your work as if it were so much discarded banana-skin. Late though this letter is, I write to tell you to sneer in the faces of these jackasses. As you will know, I have recently been Jixed in London by more of these prurient canaille, who do not understand my paintings. Let me encourage you to *write*, despite their mealymouthed Oxford philistinism. Send your work to Edmund Wilson, whose criticisms are based upon scrupulous consideration. Stand up for your art!

Yours,
D. H. Lawrence

Dear Mr Lawrence,

How very inspired of you to write from Wopland with such pleasantries. I have of course in turn unearthed many of your minor novels, reminded by your letter of their existence. *Kangaroo* seems very decent indeed, what with its sensible spillage of the diminutive brains those colonised convicts apparently possess. I see your pal Wilson has been wringing excellence out of your *Lady Chatterley* in *New Republic*. How nice he is, for an American. I see everyone else has been jixing John Thomas & his constant companion as well as your paintings. Disgraceful that they should be banned for obscenity. My visit to the exhibition was marred only by the dribbling praise of all those present. How discerning your public are.

Your obedient servant,
Evelyn Arthur St. John Waugh
BILL GREENWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tony Miles

Chess

No 132 **March Problems**

The March problems were not too difficult a set, but they did include a few traps.

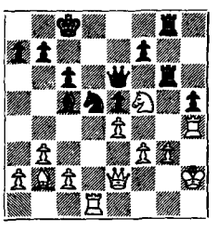
Problem 122 (6rk/5Q1p/3p2nB/4bp2/1p1p4/1PqP4/2P3BP/R6K) was an embarrassing (from an English point of view) incident from the Anglo-German match. In time trouble black (Mestel) had just blundered with . . . Q-B6 and was summarily mated by Lobron: 1.QxRch! KxQ; 2.B-Q5ch, K-R1; 3.R-R8ch Resigns.

Problem 123 (4k3/5p2/1QK5/5P1q/8/8/8/8) is a little more tricky. The obvious 1.Q-N8ch, K-K2; 2.Q-Q6ch, K-K1; 3.P-B6 fails to . . . Q-N4ch! 4.K-B7, Q-N2ch 5.KxQ stalemate. Also inadequate is 1.Q-N8ch, K-K2; 2.Q-Q6ch; K-K1; 3.K-B7 because of . . . P-B3; (but not . . . Q-N4; 4.Q-Q7ch and 5.Q-Q8ch) and if 4.QxP, Q-B2ch; draws. The right way is 1.P-B6! when . . . Q-B6ch; 2.K-B7, Q-B5ch; 3.K-N7! wins e.g. 3 . . . Q-B6ch; 4. Q-B6ch, with a winning king ending, or 3 . . . Q-Q3; 4.Q-B6ch! Q-Q2ch; 5.K-N6, K-Q1; 6.Q-R8ch, Q-B1; 7.QxQch, KxQ; 8.K-B6 gaining the opposition and winning.

Problem 124 (8/8/8/pk6/Rp6/8/P1P5/1K6) was the most interesting. White wins by 1.P-B3! KxR; 2.P-B4! P-N6; 3.P-R3, P-N7; 4.K-R2, P-N8=Qch; 5.KxQ, KxP; 6.P-B5 and the pawn queens. The nice point, however, is that there is no alternative win. For instance on 1.P-B4ch, KxR; White is zugzwang! If 2.K-N3, P-N6 and now 3.P-R3 is stalemate, whilst 3.PxPch, K-N5; 4.K-B2, P-R5; 5.PxP, KxBP draws. 2.K-BN2 fails similarly to P-N6ch, and the tricky 2.K-R1 allows P-N6; 3.P-R3? (PxPch, K-N5 drawing) KxP; 4.P-B5, P-N7ch; 5.K-N1, K-N6; 6.P-B6, P-R5 and White is mated! The other serious try is 1.R-R3, but after . . . PxR, neither 2.P-B3, K-B4 (but not K-B5; 3.K-B2) 3.K-B2, K-B5; 4.K-Q2, K-B4; 5.K-Q3, K-Q4; 6.P-B4ch, K-K4; 7.K-K3, K-Q3; 8.K-Q4, K-B3; 9.P-B5, K-B2; 10.K-Q5, K-Q2; 11.P-B6ch, K-B2; 12.K-B5, P-R5! nor 2.K-B1, K-B5; 3.K-Q2, K-Q5; 4.P-B3ch, K-K5!; with similar play, works.

Problem 126 (3rrbk1/1q4pp/pp2Pp2/2ppnP1Q/P6N/5R2/1PPB2PP/4R2K) was a simple combination. White forces mate by 1.RxN! PxR; 2.QxPch! KxQ; 3.N-N6 and there is no defence to the threat of R-R3-R8 mate. If 3 . . . RxP; 4.R-R3ch; K-N1; 5.PxR.

Prizes: Messrs Brown, Chand, Deshmukh, Cornforth, Garfath, Ghate, McSheehy, Johnson, Taylor and Thorat (£5 each) with a consolation prize to Mr Smith (£2)



Problem 132

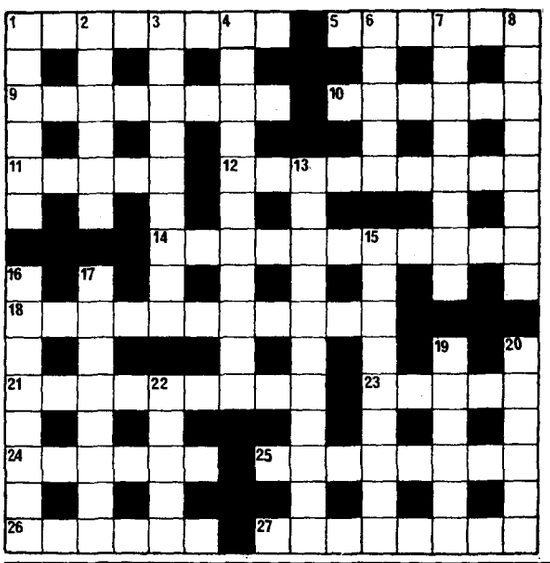
Black to play. A murky position. He continues 1 . . . Q-B3 threatening . . . RxP and intending to meet 2.R x P with . . . R-R1 winning.
(a) Was his idea good?
(b) Did he have any good alternative? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 23 May.

Solution to Problem 130

1.R(1)-N4! PxR; 2.Q-R6ch! KxQ; 3.B-B5ch, K-R4; 4.B-K2, mate.

Weekend Crossword 1302

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1302, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 22 May.



ACROSS

1 Deficiency makes minister include a quotation (8).
5 The middle of the chest is made of iron (6).
9 Left with a girl outside a country town (8).
10 See a man retreating when the brave have left (6).
11 How names may be found in the averages (5).
12 Where to write for clothes after publicity (9).
14 Prime Minister ate orange seen as a different fruit (11).
18 Leap in the trees somewhere in America (4, 7).
21 An easy time is certainly a long way off! (5, 4).
23 Entertain the morning before employment (5).
24 Purpose of being under canvas (6).
25 The lands used as material for a novelist (8).
26 Spring turns grey around the London district (6).
27 In need of food as tenure is revised (8).

DOWN

1 Northern island rises from the grave (6).
2 'Be sure of it; give me the —— proof' (*Othello*) (6).
3 Where there are hidden nets and traps (9).
4 Police discover one in lake after dispersing danger (11).
6 The fat are to be seen without number (5).
7 The paper says idiots pick international teams (8).
8 Vegetables provide meals if there is no sun (8).
13 Declines so east needs great changes (11).
15 The sober one wants to ban satire (9).
16 Make up a poem about medicine running out (8).
17 A little hypocritical about what is not serious (8).
19 A man to embrace before he embraces one (6).
20 Missile for short distance held by favourite (6).
22 It may be past but it is still exciting (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 17

F	E	A	T	U	R	I	N	G	S	L	E			
E	A	R	N		N	E	L	I	P	P	E	N		
I	N	A	T	F	L	I	P	P	A	N	T			
G	E	N	R	O	A	A	A	S	D	O	R			
N	A	E	U	O	T	O	S	C	O	P	E			
G	R	A	F	T	I	N	F	A	N	T	A			
I	C	E	F	L	O	E	T	R	U	S	T			
V	A	L	L	O	N	I	A	L	R	O	C			
I	D	E	E	A	L	S	R	E	A	T	E			
N	O	N	S	U	I	T	S	T	G	H	G			
G	U	G	G	L	E	I	I	S	H	O	E			
S	T	S	E	D	U	C	A	T	I	O	N			

Unclued answers may all be prefixed by mis-, hence the sound of 'miss', the lady in question.

Only one correct entry (from Jack Walton of Ewell who gets £6 book token); several others almost made it.

Holidays/Travel

GOWER, S/c. maisonette, fully furnished. Sleeps 4/5. 12 mins walk beautiful beach. Golf club 100 yds. £80 per wk. electricity included. Avail. 7-29 July. Tel. Bishopton (Glam) 2599 evenings.

SPEND A DAY in historical Royal Windsor. Have a traditional lunch with wine, tea and sightseeing with a charming English family. From £15 per person. Home From Home, 01-402 2178.

CORNWALL COTTAGE for summer letting, sleeps 4, very rural, 5 miles to coast, £60 p.w. For details write: 'Rosewood', Tregadethan, near Truro, Cornwall.

ATHENS! ATHENS! ATHENS! Economy return flights from £69. Instant confirmation. Capricorn Travel, 27 Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1, 01-730 6152.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe. Tel Aviv & South Africa, Salisbury Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

CLUB SINGLES

If you are unmarried, go on holiday alone or with friends, and agree with us that it's the people you meet on holiday who make it special, then you should see our brochure. Write now to: Club Singles (NSC), 23/25 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6603.

FOR RELIABLE, LOW AIRFARES to all destinations, let our Travel Department help you. Proceeds from your custom will help finance our development work in the Third World. Write to: Travel Director, World Community Development Service, St Peter's College, Oxford OX1 2DL.

AFRICA OVERLAND IN AUGUST! 14 weeks through fascinating West Africa visiting 12 countries, £659. 8 week wildlife safaris in East Africa, £359. Brochure: Adventure Africa, 348 High St, Ramsbury, Wiltshire. Tel. Ramsbury (067-22) 569.

WELSH HILLS. Superb situation, all comforts. D. b. & b., £40 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, N. Wales. Llanrwst 640566.

DORDOGNE, Lot, Gorges du Tarn. Farmhouses to let, May, June, early July, Sept. & Oct. Reductions on ferries. Also Normandy, timbered cottage in peaceful country, 3 mls coast, sip 6. 30/6-14/7; 25/8-1/9. Vacances de Campagne, Box Cottage, Sutton, Pulborough, West Sussex. Phone 07987-344.

KENT — Stay in superb olde worlde country houses. B. & b. from £12 per person, per night. Home From Home, 01-402 2178.

SUN TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

TRAVEL BARGAINS OF 1979

Visiting Venice, Verona, Bologna £82

Staying by superb Lake Garda.

DATES: June 16th-25th, Aug. 25th-Sept. 3rd, Sept. 1st-10th, Sept. 8th-17th, Dec. 23rd-Jan. 1st.

YUGOSLAV RIVIERA, Sept. 28th-Oct. 9th, £95. Full board in 1st class hotel.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG, £110. Aug. 18th-26th. Sept. 15th-23rd with full board in 1st class hotel.

YORKSHIRE TOURS, 49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ. Phone 0484 24269.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes and Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

FAST, EFFICIENT, Reliable Service for the production of manuscripts, schedules, specifications and any secretarial work required by the professional man. Please call Mary Garside 01-549 7302. (24 hr answering service).

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intell., accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

TYPING SERVICE. Contact: Diane Brown, 5 Grove Road, Lydney, Glos.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£50 to £25,000 unsecured
REGIONAL TRUST LTD,
8 Clifford St, New Bond St, LONDON W1
01-734 5983 or 2914

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

LWT
London Weekend Television

requires

RESEARCHERS

to work on **CREDO** which looks in a journalistic way at the impact of religion on the world.

They would be expected to have considerable responsibility for suggesting ideas, investigating stories and writing scripts on subjects which have religious and/or moral implications.

Successful candidates are likely to be graduates in their twenties and also to have had experience in regional or national journalism. Previous broadcasting experience would also be valuable.

We would expect Credo researchers also to have the capacity to work, if need be, across the whole range of LWT's factual programming.

Please apply with a full curriculum vitae to **Mrs Joan Pugh, Staff Officer, London Weekend Television, Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1.**

Print Salesman
London Office

For over 100 years Raithby Lawrence at the De Montfort Press have been synonymous with quality colour print. Their customers are as imposing as their product. Their reputation has been achieved through the dedication of their staff.

A new 4 colour offset press will shortly be running which will enable this Midland based company to improve service and increase sales. The small sales team of market orientated print enthusiasts is already fully committed and now requires an additional dedicated salesman/woman to generate new business.

If you have sales ability and a sound technical knowledge, this is a unique opportunity to develop further in an exciting environment with a company that very much believes in people.

Good salary, car, expenses, BUPA, pension etc.,
Application form and details (Ref 464) from:
John Hacker.

Printing Advisory & Management Services

Printing Advisory & Management Services
8/9 Giltspur Street, London EC1A 9DE
Telephone: 01-236 6826

NACRO

NACRO has received a 3-year grant from the NUFFIELD FOUNDATION for an action-research project into the provision of EDUCATION in the community for offenders and ex offenders.
We are seeking a

Research Officer

to carry out the project which will involve reviewing the existing facilities throughout the country, identifying needs and assisting in the promotion of new developments.
Experience in two of the following three areas desirable: adult or further education, research, the criminal justice system.
The post will be based in NACRO's London Office.
Salary on scale £5,510 + £524 London Weighting per annum (salary scales currently under review).
CLOSING DATE: 23.5.79 INTERVIEWS: 29.5.79.
Further details and application form from: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9. Tel: 01-735 1151.**
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

SCARBOROUGH
NORTH RIDING COLLEGE of EDUCATION

Arts Council — Creative Writing Fellowship

Applications are invited from practising writers for the above residential fellowship tenable for one year at the North Riding College of Education, Scarborough. The person appointed will be expected to have a known or developing reputation in the field of children's literature and will be invited to offer a programme of meetings, seminars and tutorials with staff, students, teachers and local writers. For much of the time, the fellow will be free to pursue his or her own creative work, in an environment of some beauty with easy access to the services and resources of a small but friendly and relaxed institution.

A stipend of £6,000 is offered for the period September 1979-August 1980 and, depending on the circumstances of the individual appointment, limited accommodation with full board may be available.

Further particulars may be obtained from the **Principal (Appointments), North Riding College of Education, Filey Road, Scarborough, North Yorkshire, YO11 3AZ.**
Closing date for receipt of applications, **Tuesday 29 May 1979.**

BRITISH AIRLINE PILOTS ASSOCIATION
Invites applications for the following posts.

Industrial Relations Officer

Candidates must have proven ability in industrial negotiations together with a research background. The post involves preparation, presentation and negotiation of claims on behalf of members, together with servicing committees.
Salary in scale £7,325-£8,607 per annum.

Assistant Industrial Relation /Research Officer

Young graduate required with experience in industrial relations, together with a good research background. Experience in report writing and committee work also required.
Salary in scale £5,502-£6,198 per annum.

Applications giving full details of experience, qualifications, age etc., should be sent to **Mr D. R. Bennison, Deputy General Secretary, BALPA, 81 New Road, Harlington, Hayes, Middlesex,** not later than **28 May 1979.**

SCOTTISH BAROQUE ENSEMBLE

Requires a

GENERAL MANAGER

The SBE (Honorary Patron: HRH The Duke of Edinburgh KG KT, Director: Leonard Friedman) now 10 years old, has a growing national and international reputation. Based in Edinburgh it gives concerts throughout Great Britain and will be touring in Europe this year.
Salary in the region of £5,000 p.a. + company car.
Apply with references and CV to:
Michael B. MacLeod,
Scottish Baroque Ensemble,
48 Great King Street,
Edinburgh EH3 6QY.
Closing date Friday 18 May 1979.

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC

Poet in Residence

The author concerned would be invited to work with students in holding informal workshops and poetry readings and in helping individual students with their own writing.
The post is available from September and further details can be obtained from: **The Secretary to the Deputy Director, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, KT1 2EE.**

Secretary/Shorthand Typists

required to work at the headquarters of a large trade union. Commencing at £4,500 per annum, subsidised travel, lunch allowance, 4 week annual holidays, 10 statutory holidays. Applicants aged 17-25 years apply in writing giving full particulars of education and experience.
Personnel Dept,
National Union of Mineworkers,
222 Euston Road,
London NW1 2BX.

BRITISH ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION
requires an
ORGANISER
to work in the
Television Department

The organiser will be based in London but required to travel. Applicants should preferably have experience as Trade Union Organisers, and/or knowledge of broadcasting and the entertainment business. Salary scale from £5,369 to £5,897 plus Luncheon vouchers (£2.25 per week). Application forms and job description available from:
Ian McGarry, Assistant General Secretary, British Actors' Equity Association, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER

LECTURESHIP IN
CZECHOSLOVAK STUDIES

Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Czechoslovak Studies in the Department of Central and South-Eastern European Studies, tenable from 1 October 1979. Salary will be at an appropriate point on the Lecturer's scale £3,883-£7,754 (under review).

Further particulars may be obtained (quoting reference L.134/D), from the Establishment Officer, University House, Bailrigg, Lancaster LA1 4YW to whom applications (six copies) naming three referees, should be sent not later than 15 June 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

CREATIVE WRITING
FELLOWSHIP IN THE
DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Applications are invited from practising novelists and poets for a creative writing Fellowship mainly financed by the Arts Council for one year from 1 October 1979. The Fellow would be expected to pursue his own activities as a writer and in the process to contribute positively, though informally, to the life of the Department. The stipend would be £7,500 per annum.

Applications, including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/73), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 1 June 1979. Please quote ref: AG/73/NS.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

ASSISTANT

preferably Graduate with computer programming experience — required for one year for a research project into back pain in the Department of Community Medicine, which will include interviewing patients. Full-time worker preferred. Salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applications, stating age and giving details of qualifications and experience, to the Secretary, Guy's Hospital Medical School, London Bridge, SE1 9RT, quoting Ref. CM3.

CONTENTED TEMPS at Stella Fisher. Varied bookings (all London areas), top rates of pay and a really personal service, are enjoyed by our Secs, shorthand and audio, and Copy Typists etc. Prove it when you call: our only address: Stella Fisher Staff Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (opp Strand Palace Hotel).

UK COUNCIL for Overseas Student Affairs requires an internationally minded PA/Secretary to work for General Secretary. Good typing essential but scope for initiative in informal atmosphere. Salary £3,000/£3,500 plus LVs. Contact UKCOSA, 60 Westbourne Grove, London W2 5FG. Tel: 01-229 9268/9.

CAREERS IN PUBLISHING. The Arts, Publicity, The Professions and Educational world for Graduate and 'A' Level Secretaries Permanent and Temporary. Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

COLLEGE LEAVER SECRETARIES will find a superb choice of excellent career openings through Covent Garden Staff Bureau. 01-353 7696.

Appt Wanted

SHORTHAND SECRETARY seeks casual work. Parliamentary, Local Government, Legal, Commercial experience. Box 5095.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Public Notice

THE COMMISSION FOR RACIAL EQUALITY

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Commission for Racial Equality have decided to conduct a formal investigation under Section 49(3) of the Race Relations Act 1976 with the following terms of reference:

'To enquire into the evaluation of properties and the allocation of finance for residential house purchase and the provision of all related facilities and services within the Metropolitan Borough of Rochdale with particular reference to: (a) the elimination of unlawful discrimination within the meaning of the Race Relations Act 1976; (b) the promotion of equality of opportunity between persons of different racial groups within the meaning of the said act'.

Anyone who has information about the subject of this investigation is invited to write to: **Ms S. Grubb at the Commision for Racial Equality Regional Office (North and Scotland):**

**Maybrook House,
40 Blackfriars Street,
MANCHESTER
M3 2EG**

Courses

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Russian. Full-time day courses. Evening courses. Conversation (all grades), courses for GCE 'O' & 'A' levels & Institute of Linguists. Mentor for Languages, 115N Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 (Cambridge Circus). 836 3753.

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523. NW London.

PRIVATE TUITION, English and French. Contact: Rosandra 01-226 1479.

RYTRA

Training for Self-Development

Discover your inner resources. Personal Development Training, using poetry, sculpture, movement, and meditation.

Magnificent lake surroundings in Surrey.

A w/e £15, 12-13 May; 26-27 May. Intro. meetings in West End, £1, 15, 22, 29 May.

Colour brochure.
RYTRA,
117 WATERLOO ROAD,
LONDON SE1 8UL.
Tel: 01-261 1677

Publications

22 YEARS OF THE NS from 1957 to 1978 for sale. Price £120 excluding carriage. Apply Box 5002.

BOOK FAIR. Meet 50 Provincial Booksellers at the Imperial Hotel, Russell Sq, W1. 14-15 May. Mon. 12-8, Tues. 10-3.30. Thousands of O/P & antiquarian books for sale.

THE CANDID KIBBUTZ BOOK answers your questions: Who does the work? Is there a kibbutz ideology? What about women? 40p + postage from MERAG, 5 Caledonian Road, London N1.

THE GREENLIST. A fortnightly list of antiquarian and o/p books. Sample copy free. Wrigleys Books, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

RUSSIA. EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED by New Horizon. Details: Dept. NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis, West Sussex.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

THE ISLAMIC PIOUS FOUNDATIONS IN JERUSALEM

Origins, History and Usurpation by Israel

A. L. TIBAWA, BA, PHD, DLIT

A study based on original documents by a distinguished Palestinian scholar, formerly Senior Education Officer in Jerusalem.

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE
146 Park Road, London NW8

£3.00

THE TIMES CHALLENGER

As the 'suspension' at Times Newspapers enters its 6th month, the third issue of The Times Challenger has been produced to bring up to date the real facts behind the closure of The Times and Sunday Times.
Order your copy now if you are not already on our circulation list from:
Michele Lock, 01-928 1481

LONDON'S largest secondhand bookshop. Always visit World of Books at 30 Sackville Street, W1. Open Saturdays too.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

Accom. Vacant

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN FLAT, near Tate Gallery & Pimlico tube. 2 rms, tastefully furn., k. & b. £75 p.w. Box 5031.

STAY IN OUR EDWARDIAN London house while we're away, July/Aug. (4 beds, gdn., gas, c.h., mod. cons.) in comfortable quiet road at the foot of Muswell Hill. 35 mins to West End by bus/tube. £65 per wk. Ring 340 2538 evenings.

LADY offers b/b, in her central Swiss Cottage flat. Twin room £12 per night. Tel. 01-402 2235 or 01-722 9639.

NW3: Room with usual facilities to let. Academically inclined or musician preferred. 01-722 0451 (evenings).

Accom. Wanted

PROFESSIONAL COUPLE with 2 cats, urgently seeks accomm. Please call 01-928 9222 ext. 2221 (day), 01-348 8653 (eve).

SWISS ACADEMIC on 6 mth. Sabbatical visit with wife, 4 children, nursemaid, requires accom. from end July. Min. 4 beds, 1-2 recep., k./b., pref. Chalk Farm/Hampstead. Phone Dr Reinhardt, 01-242 9789 x 132 (between 10 a.m.-11 a.m.).

RELIABLE, responsible and safe male tenant, 26, desperately needs to rent a small flat in Central London, if such a thing exists, for around £20/25 p.w. Anything considered however. 01-435 4714 or 874 3321 (messages for Mr Body).

QUIET, professional couple seek reasonably priced, s/c. accommodation for up to one year, from June. Box 5119.

PROFESSOR needs flat/house with 2 bdrms for 3-4 wks during period mid-July/Aug. Kargon, 2407 Everton Rd, Baltimore, Md 21209, USA.

AMERICAN ACADEMICS seek summer holiday and sabbatical lets in London, Paris, Rome and South of France. Write Familys Abroad, 194 Riverside Drive, New York 10025, USA.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275/9.

Removals

WE PEOPLE CO-OP. Vans with helpful working drivers. Reas. rates. 01-286 6760.

FOR REMOVALS THAT GO FIRST CLASS MOVES 01-722 7661

Personal

ADVICE ON NATURISM. Nola Baker, Naturist HQ, Orpington BR5 4ET.

N. W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.
We have been established in Hampstead since 1927. Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N. W. London readers only, please

INTERESTED IN WRITING. Our free wallet will interest both beginners and selling writers. Details of our Creative Writing Contest and Freelance Writing magazine. Also our catalogue of American books for writers. Freelance Press Services (NS), 5/9 Bexley Sq, Salford, Manchester M3 6DB.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

SECRETARY, 48, div., small, dark, attractive, house & car, tired solitary state now family away, seeks tall, prof. m. London based. Box 4429.

MAN, 40, London, free, American, Jewish, successful, intell, funny, reasonably attractive, seeks woman (28-38, slim) who cares about poetry, music & love. Box 5050.

WOMAN GRADUATE, 31, seeks unattached man, 30s/early 40s, to share and enjoy life with. Interests arts, classical music, opera, travel, walking, countryside. Box 5045.

NORTH LONDON PhD, Jewish, non-practising, seeks attractive, slim, preferably graduate woman, 25-35 (non-neurotic), with wide interests. Phone no. please. Box 4982.

AGELESS warm-hearted congenial She, appreciative of strong extra-carnal affection, is being dreamt of by ageless Him, eager to love and being truly loved. Lots of interests & experiences, widely travelled, a vegetarian, sportsman, tall, slim. Future marriage — a possibility. Box 5034.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, humorous woman in mid-forties, seeks pleasurable conversational exchange, with kind, mature-minded man. Box 5049.

EDUCATED, artistic male, 35, very wide interests, tall, slim, seeks friendship, any interesting female, age unimportant. All answered. Box 4998.

ARE YOU SEEKING adult gay friends, etc? Long standing service, male and female, all areas. Stamp to: Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people; there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Taify, c/o Mallroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

A HAPPIER FUTURE. Unlimited introductions, all ages/areas. Sue Carr's Friendship Agency, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 63525 any time.

LOVE & MARRIAGE LTD has the best selection of home loving men & women throughout the UK. S.a.e.: 400 Harrow Rd, London W9.

JOAN REMICK MARRIAGE BUREAU — Let's help your spring go with a zing. Ring 01-584 5151; 155 Knightsbridge, SW1.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

RAPPORT IS THE INTELLIGENT person's introduction service. Whatever your age or location, enrich the quality of your life immeasurably with 'Rapport' — and rediscover the joy of living. For details of special anniversary rate send s.a.e. and give age to 'Rapport', Dept B3, P.O. Box 94, Oxford.

A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE, and no-one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there? Contact 'Status', the premier and reputable intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs.).

FAMILY PLANNING: Choose from our FPA-approved range. Introductory prices: 13-sheath sampler £1.00; 48 Gossamer £3.83; 48 Fiesta £4.31; 48 Unison £4.67; 40 Forget Me Not £2.94 plus free 'expert's guide to the sheath' with your first order. Dept. NSN20, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford.

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances,
Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 451118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 97 No. 2512
11 May 1979

Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1

© 1979 The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Contents

666 **Leader**
667 **Notes**
668 **Francis Wheen:** The Tory Cabinet
670 **Godfrey Hodgson:** Lord Carrington and the USA
671 **Patrick Wintour:** The Labour Party
672 **Peter Stothard:** Titanium
674 **Christopher T. Husbands and Jude England:** National Front
676 **David Blackaby:** Economic Monitor
677 **Duncan Campbell:** Eysenck
678 **Mary Holland:** America and Ulster
679 **Carey McWilliams:** Mexico
682 **Joseph Fitchett:** Paris Diary
683 **Letters to the Editor**
684 **Arthur Marshall**
Roger Woddis

Books & Arts
685 **Edward W. Said:** Middle East Round-Up
688 **Jonathan Raban:** Memoirs of a Noodle
Other reviews by Russell Davies, Blake Morrison, Nicholas Shrimpton
692 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
693 **John Coleman:** Films
694 **Charles Fox:** Jazz
694 **Russell Davies:** Sport
695 **Julian Barnes:** Television
696 **Bryan Robertson:** Dance
696 **Weekend Competition**
697 **Chess and Crossword**
Poems by Blake Morrison, Peter Porter
Cover by Luck & Flaw
Photo by John L. Jones

Annual Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £17, Overseas £18.50
Air mail:
Europe £22, Middle East £23.50, Africa, India £24.50, Australasia, Far East £25.50, USA $49, Canada $59.

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. 'Love's Labour's Lost' and 'The Taming of The Shrew'. See daily press for dates and times. Also bkg new production Bulgakov's 'The White Guard' (from 23 May), RSC also at The Warehouse in Howard Brenton's 'The Churchill Play', 'The Merchant of Venice'.

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE Season. 0243 781312. Season sponsored by Martini & Rossi. Evgs 7.0, mats Thurs. & Sat. 2.0 'The Devil's Disciple'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 01-722 9301. Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. 'Then and Now' by David Mercer, with Simon Chandler, Mike Gwilym, Patricia Hodge, Morag Hood, John Nettleton, Liz Smith, directed by Robin Lefevre. Previews, 17, 18, 19, 20 May at 8 p.m. Press night: 21 May at 7 p.m. Thereafter: Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. (Sat. mat. 5 p.m.). Tickets for all previews £1.70 thereafter £1.70 & £2.30.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evgs 8.0. Sats 5.0 & 8.30. Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

85p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 60p
Trade in Personal £1.15 Display, centimetre £4.75

Send copy to arrive Monday a.m. or telephone
405 4911/2/3 or 242 5484/5/6

NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

NOW IN ITS 4TH YEAR
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Hilarious . . . See it! (S.Times)
ARTS THEATRE
(01)836 3334/2132

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Because performances below are given in the circumstances of a dispute involving stage staff some productions are in limited decor, some as normal. 'Strife', 'The Double Dealer', 'A Fair Quarrel', 'Lark Rise', prevs 'Close of Play'. See daily press for dates & times or phone Box Office.

TOWER. Canonbury Place, N1. 'Much Ado About Nothing' tonight & tomorrow at 7.30. Next Fri. 'Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi' by Pam Gems. Booking: 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues-Sats 2.15-8).

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (Opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Madame Rosa' (AA). Prog. 2.45, 4.45, 7.00, 9.15.

Poetry

An evening of Arabic Poetry
Abdul Wahab Al-Bayati
one of Iraq's leading poets, reading his own work with English translations
THURSDAY 17 May 1979 at 7 p.m. at the
IRAQI CULTURAL CENTRE, 177 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W1
ADMISSION FREE
Tel: 01-637 5831

Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Original lithographs and etchings by Moore, Arthur Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry, also 18 & 19 C satirical prints.

AGNEW GALLERY
43 Old Bond Street, W1
01-629 6176
Fine Prints of Five Centuries
An exhibition of etchings, engravings and lithographs from Dürer to Picasso. Until 1 June. Mon.-Fri. 9.30-5.30; Thurs. until 7.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St. WC1E 6BT). The Freud Memorial Lecture in Psychoanalysis by Professor Daniel Widlöcher, 'Drive and Psychoanalytical Communication', Tuesday 15 May at 5.30 in Chemistry Theatre, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket.

ICA EVENTS, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. 15 May 7.30 Lionel Miskin on Adolf Wölfli. 17 May 1 p.m. Joan Didion on 'A Book of Common Prayer'. 17 May 7.30 p.m. Canadian Playwrights on Tour. Readings and discussion of the new wave in Canadian Theatre. 75p. 930 6393.

QUAKERISM — the ism that isn't. If you'd like to know more about the Society of Friends (Quakers), come and hear writer/broadcaster Gerald Priestland's informal talk next Tuesday, 15 May, 6.30 at Friends' Meeting House, 52 St Martin's Lane, WC2 (nr Trafalgar Sq). Questions welcome. Refreshments available from 5.45. Inquiries: Barney Smith, 01-387 3601.

PUBLIC MEETING. 'The Struggle Against Racial Oppression in SA' Colin Winter, Bishop-in-exile of Demaraland. Tues. 15 May 8 p.m. Ross Wyld Hall, Church Hill, E17. Near Walthamstow Central Station. WF CAR.

A FEW TICKETS LEFT
Writers' Day
Purcell Room, Festival Hall. 10.00 - 4.00 Saturday, 19 May. Speakers: **Mary McCarthy, Michael Holroyd, Arnold Wesker.** Further information and tickets (£2.50 lectures, £8.50 with lunch) from P E N. 352 9549.

ROY HATTERSLEY will give the Fabian Blanche Colebrook memorial lecture at 7.45 p.m. on Friday 18 May at the Lecture Theatre, Brighton Technical College, Pelham Street, Brighton. All welcome. Tickets from George Forbes, 66 Meadow Lane, Burgess Hill, Sussex. S.a.e. please.

THE FOCUS GROUP, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2. Thurs. 17 May, 6.30 p.m.- 'Focus on Europe', speaker HE Mr Lakhdar Brahimi, Ambassador of Algeria: 'Looking at Europe'. Adm. 30p for non RCS mems.

YOUNG FABIANS — Elizabeth Szwed, Secretary of Justice for Children, will speak on 'Children and The Courts' at the LSE, Houghton St. WC2. Tues. 15 May, 8 p.m.

HEBREW LITERATURE TODAY: Jewish World or Israeli Province? The Tenth Annual Van der Zyl lecture by Leon Yudkin at The Leo Baeck College, 33 Seymour Place, London W1. Thurs. 17 May 8 p.m.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 13 May 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welc. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Courses

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).

Foreign languages
Group or individual tuition in French, German, Spanish, Italian, and other languages.
For further information ask for our brochures or call in.
Inlingua School of Languages
197 Victoria Street
London SW1E 5NE
Telephone: 01-828 1061
inlingua

Interested in Writing?
5 day practical courses tutored by professional writers take place at
TOTLEIGH BARTON
an 11th century farmhouse in Devon.
First course 24-29 May with Neil Dunn and James Simmons and continuing through the summer with writers including **Jon Silkin, Angela Carter, Peter Jay, Stan Barstow, Julia Jones, Peter Scupham and James Kirkup.** Full details from **ARVON, Sheepwash, Devon EX21 5NS** or phone **Black Torrington 338/307.**

'An Introduction to the History of the Spread of Islam'
A four-lecture course beginning on **Thursday, 28 June 1979, at 6.30 p.m. by Dr A. Ezzati, University of Tehran.** Fee: £8 for students (£10 for others). For details write to:
THE MUSLIM INSTITUTE, 6 ENDSLEIGH STREET, LONDON WC1H 0DS.

The Islamic Revolution in Iran

Four-Lecture Course by

Prof. Hamid Algar

The Islamic Revolution in Iran may or may not have altered the 'balance of power' or upset other calculations of the 'super' powers, their allies and clients. But what the Islamic Revolution in Iran has done above all is that it has transformed the climate of opinion and expectations in which the global Islamic Movement functions. Suddenly the Muslim has a success story to tell and, equally suddenly, the social-democratic/gradualist/reformist model of Islam looks even more irrelevant than it did before.

The Islamic Revolution in Iran will be examined in detail at a course of four lectures on four consecutive Saturdays — July 7, 14, 21 and 28 — at the Muslim Institute in London (11 am–1.30 pm). The course will be given by Dr Hamid Algar, Professor of Near Eastern Studies at the University of California, Berkeley. His publication include *Religion and State in Iran 1785-1906; The Role of the Ulama in the Qajar Period;* and *Mirza Malkum Khan: A Biographical Study in Iranian Modernism.* Professor Algar has also been close to the Islamic Movement of Iran.

The course fee is £10 for students, £20 for others. For application form write to:

The Muslim Institute
6 ENDSLEIGH STREET, LONDON WC1H 0DS
Telephone (01) 388 2581

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED